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THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

THE OLDEST ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY. ESTABLISHED 1848

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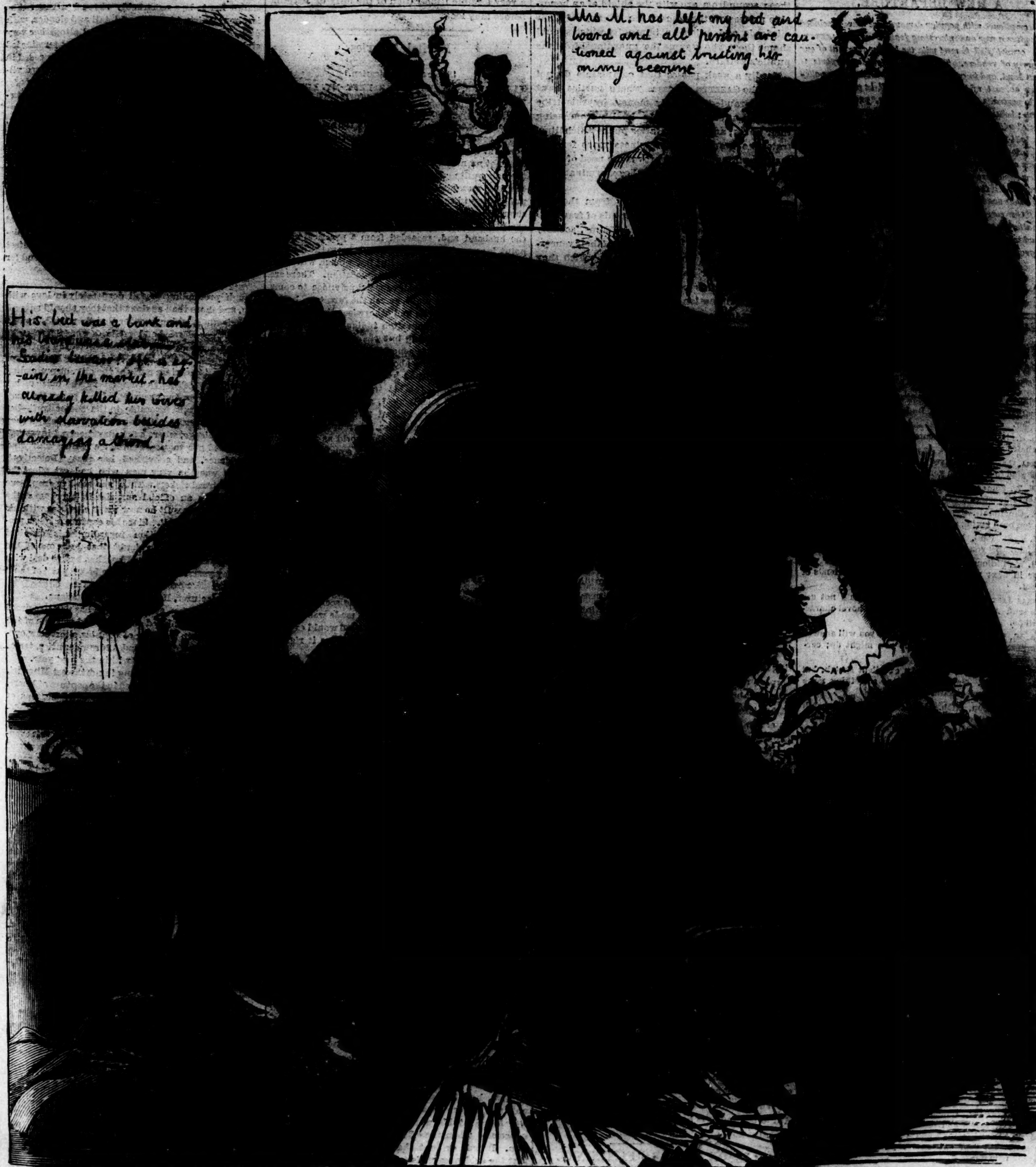
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{ RICHARD E. FOX,
{ WILLIAM & SPRUCE STS., }

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1880.

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Price Ten Cents.



A HIGHLY-COLORED DESCRIPTION OF A CONJUGIAL COUGH IN THE HOME OF ONE OF THE FIRST FAMILIES OF CINCINNATI—A TRIO OF ABUSED AND NEGLECTED WIVES HOLD A CONFERENCE AND MUTUAL-CONDOLENCE SOCIETY, AND PROTEST AGAINST THE CRUELTY THAT THEIR RESPECTIVE HUSBANDS, AND MANKIND GENERALLY, SUBJECT THE FEMALE SEX TO UNDER THE MATRIMONIAL YOKE.—See Page 2.



RICHARD K. FOX, - - - Proprietor.

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FOR THE WEEK ENDING

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A NEW DEPARTURE.

In compliance with popular demand, we have concluded to introduce a new and interesting feature in the GAZETTE, which cannot fail to meet with the hearty approval of our vast army of readers. The season of out-door sports is close at hand, and in conformity with the GAZETTE's policy to keep abreast of the times, we shall be pleased to give place to portraits of prominent athletes, professional or amateur; boating, base-ball, cricket clubs, and everything connected with out-door sports in the principal cities and towns will be cheerfully accorded a place in its columns. In compliance with this determination, we cordially invite captains of the various clubs to co-operate with us in making this new departure a success, by sending portraits of members composing their organizations. In all cases it is important that names and records should accompany each portrait. Our correspondents will please interest themselves in this matter by procuring and forwarding to us the names and addresses of the various clubs in their town. All photographs and communications to be addressed,

Sporting Editor,
NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE,
183 William Street, New York.

Answers to Correspondents.

Photographs and Sketches mailed to this paper exclusively, if made use of, will be liberally paid for. We also desire to obtain the name and address of each artist and photographer throughout the entire country.

REPORTER, Cleveland, O.—Try again.
SUPERINTENDENT OF POLICE, Buffalo, N. Y.—Thanks for kind offer.

R. L. H., U. S. Marshal, Trenton.—Thanks for trouble on our behalf.

ROUMA, Ga.—Item received; too late for this number. Will be glad to hear from you again.

W. M. T., Somerset, O.—Cannot use photo; hardly of sufficient importance. Thanks for attention.

H. S., Cincinnati.—Don't send us any more stale news. Have you been taking a Rip Van Winkle sleep?

J. B. S., St. Paul, Minn.—Will consider your proposition, and notify you if we conclude to use your services.

R. H. W., Philomath, O.—Illustration of the affair will appear in next week's number. Notify your friends of this fact.

"TEXAS JACK," Brant Centre, N. Y.—Could not use sketch sent. Anything of a sensational and novel character will do.

W. A. M., Whiting, Ala.—Hardly think you will answer our purpose. With a little practice you might do; certainly not at present.

W. H. T., Englewood, N. J.—An excellent sketch, but hardly the thing. Try your hand at something more sensational and write again.

A. B. C., Jackson, Mich.—Availed ourselves of sketch as far as practicable. Let us hear from you again; good sketches and photos always acceptable.

R. E. M. S. S., Cornwallis, Oregon.—If you want us to treat your propositions with any consideration, give your name in future. We think you are a fraud.

GLYCKLINE, Baltimore, Md.—At last accounts Joe was residing in Sing Sing. The law has something to do with his residence at that place. About 47 years.

J. W. R., Oakland, Miss.—Do not think the affair of sufficient general interest to make photos of any value. Item crowded out by more important matter.

E. T., Deadwood, D. T.—We would be pleased to have you send us sketches of any peculiar phases of life in your town. Items mentioned are of little account.

J. S. RUSHMORE, Minn.—You fail to give any names or anything else to substantiate your sketch. The GAZETTE does not deal in fiction; fact is what is wanted.

H. M., Newton, Kan.—You will find item furnished in this number. If you can procure photo send it along. Photos of prominent scamps will always be accepted.

T. H., Manchester, N. H.—You can do us better service by sending photos of prominent characters and good sketches of events happening in your vicinity, than in any other way.

W. E. B., Kansas City.—Have a correspondent in your city at present. May make some arrangement with you in the future. Name booked, and will bear you in mind should occasion demand.

S. L., Roan's Prairie, Tex.—Your town is hardly of sufficient importance to warrant us in making any arrangements with you. We have facilities for obtaining news from all parts of the country much better than the means you suggest.

JOHN H. STEWART, Montgomery, Ala.—A low-minded brute of your tastes and desires would do well to keep very dark. Tar and feathers and lynchings will have something to do with your existence if you do not curb your depraved instincts.

E. H. T., Atlanticville, N. J.—We will have to differ with you as to your artistic ability, if sketches sent are a sample. They are all copies, and very poor ones at that. You might become an artist in the course of fifty or sixty years' practice.

THE QUACK GANG.

Among the hords of sharpers who prey upon humanity the quack doctor may be accorded first place as the most infamous. No place is free of his baneful presence, and but very few have escaped the curse of his villainous nostrums and advice. Why this class is allowed to prosecute their nefarious trade without hindrance is a question which such zealous warriors of social reform as Dr. Crosby and Tony Comstock alone can answer. While they have waged relentless warfare upon other frauds, the "quack" has been severely left alone, and that, too, in the face of the fact that there are hundreds of this breed in this city and elsewhere openly advertising their business and growing rich upon the spoils reaped from the poor dupes of their duplicity.

Viewed from a pecuniary point, their methods are worse than those of the confidence man. By plausible representations and lying pretensions they lure their victims into their clutches, and plunder them with all the hardihood of a pirate. The same methods of business if pursued in any other calling, would consign the party employing them behind prison bars; but cloaked about as these scoundrels are with the shield of an honorable profession, they escape the penalty of their misdeeds and enjoy an immunity which should shame those who assume the guardianship of the public's welfare.

Hardly a week passes that complaints do not reach the GAZETTE of cases where parties have been defrauded of their money by this tribe and left utterly broken in health from using their wares; and it is this latter phase which illustrates the infamy of their business more fully than anything else, and proves the need of stringent and severe measures for the extermination of these inhuman scallawags.

It has been the GAZETTE's policy from the outset to handle all classes and kinds of frauds in anything but a gentle manner. Shams, socially and politically, have been stripped of their veneering and exposed to the contempt which they merited without regard to person or station. In pursuance of this policy, we shall inaugurate a war of extermination against the "quack gang," and assist in breaking up their unholy traffic.

Let not the objects of our intentions imagine this announcement is intended for a scare, or that it is an ill-considered impulse, born of rashness. On the contrary, it is a calm and well-considered intention, prompted solely by a desire to suppress crime and punish criminals. We are fully cognizant of the difficulties to be met in accomplishing our purpose, but this shall only serve as an incentive to more vigorous action. Retreat is not in the GAZETTE's lexicon, and the numerous band of sharpers of the quack-doctor fraternity will learn this fact to their cost before it has finished with them.

SENATORIAL IMMORALITY.

Mrs. Belva Lockwood is a female lawyer practicing in Washington, D. C., and has managed at various times and in many ways to implicate herself in little affairs of "unpleasantness" which have gained for her a more or less national reputation. Whether she has ever displayed any talent for her chosen profession, is a question we dare not attempt to decide. That she has succeeded in getting herself into many unpleasant scrapes, we have ample proof. Her latest exploit in this field is unquestionably her greatest, and proves that she is without doubt the peer of any of her strong-minded sisters in point of combativeness and persistency. The scandalous developments made by the GAZETTE of the alleged seduction of Miss Josie Raymond by Senator Hill, and his counter-charge of conspiracy have furnished Mrs. Lockwood with weapons of attack upon the morality of our statesmen which she has used in a manner at once forcible and startling. According to her statement the nation's capitol is little better than a brothel, and our lawmakers almost as bad as the majority of parsons. Mrs. Lockwood claims that it is a common practice among senators to secure places of emolument for the victims of their lust in order to hush up any disposition they may manifest to divulge their shame, and specifies Senator Hill as an example of the truth of her charge. If the charges thus made against Senator Hill are true, it is due to the country that they should be established by good and sufficient proof, and thereupon that Mr. Hill be expelled from the senate as a character too vile to be the associate of gentlemen who are supposed to represent not merely the politics of the nation, but the average of its morality and decency. If they are not, then it is due to the respectability of the senate that their untruth should be established and their author branded as a slanderer. The nation cannot afford to be represented by men of the stamp which Mrs. Lockwood claims Senator Hill to be, and it is his duty to at once demand an investigation, or step down and out.

A LESSON FOR THE FEMININES.

The account published on another page of this issue, of the exploits of Clarence E. Davis, points a moral which might well be heeded by thousands

of shallow-pated idiots who accept everything as they find it without deliberation or reason. Here was a man of fluent tongue and pleasing address, going about from place to place, with no recommendation except his oily tongue and sickly side-whiskers, and yet he succeeded with these cheap accomplishments in finding eight women who were willing to share his lot, come weal or woe. A more scathing commentary upon the society of the day, could not be adduced. Of course Davis is a heartless villain, but what must be said of the young women who, having been brought up under the restraining influences of a good home, rush off into the arms of a total stranger without any attempt being made to discover whether he is a bank president or a burglar in disguise, or whether he is worth \$5,000 or not worth 50 cents.

Possibly Davis conceived the idea that a man of his extraordinary talent could take care of a number of wives, or perhaps he was fond of the comforts of a home, and thought it would be a pleasant thing to have a nice woman who would call him husband, in every town he stopped at. Whatever his idea was, he has succeeded in getting himself into a very unpleasant scrape, and furnishing to the giddy and impulsive damsels of the country a very forcible illustration of the folly of leaping before they look.

Marital Miseries.

[Subject of Illustration.]

WHEREAS, MY WIFE HAS LEFT MY BED AND BOARD WITHOUT JUST CAUSE OR PROVOCATION, I hereby warn all people against harboring or trusting her on my account, as I will pay no debts contracted by her.

The above advertisement is one of the most common in the country, and tells a tale of marital woe which none but those directly interested can appreciate. It does not require a very vivid imagination to picture the hair-pulling and curtain lectures which precede the final smashing of the domestic hearth and the publication to the world of domestic miseries which should be veiled from prying gossip. With very few exceptions this style of pronouncement is issued by the husband and, regarded from a practical standpoint, is cowardly and inhuman. It bears the impress of falsehood upon its face. But few women will leave their homes without cause or provocation. There are men who regard it as their especial privilege to come reeling home every night, smash the furniture, batter their progeny and wife and otherwise raise Cain, and would resent the accusation indignantly that they were exercising anything but their marital prerogative in so doing. It is generally from this class that announcements of the above character emanate. A case in point is furnished by a recent domestic scandal in Cincinnati. Goaded to desperation by her husband's abuse and neglect, a well-known society lady at last quit his roof, and refused to have anything further to do with him, whereupon my Lord Whackem published her to the world as a deserter from his loving and tender care, and sought to further persecute her by warning all concerned against giving her shelter or the necessities of life. It was then that she felt called upon to explain her conduct, and the revelations made were shocking in the extreme. Instead of a downy couch and sumptuous fare, he had compelled her to occupy the worst room in the house and live upon food that was anything but palatable. And this, too, with ample means to provide liberally for her comfort. Among his associates he has been regarded as the prince of good fellows, spending his money as freely as the most extravagant spendthrift in his circle of acquaintances. If the secret of most cases where this announcement is made was known, it is highly probable that the case cited would explain the matter, and place the blame where it rightly belongs.

A Wretch Hanged.

PONTIAC, Ill., March 17.—Johannes Deboer was executed here to-day. Seventeen minutes after the drop fell life was pronounced extinct and the body was cut down. The crime for which Deboer was executed was a horribly brutal one. He was employed near the town of Minonk, in this state. In that place a prominent and well-to-do stock dealer named Martin, who had a daughter named Ella, seventeen years of age. Miss Ella was an attendant at church, which was some little distance from her father's house. On Sunday, October 19, 1879, she did not return from service, but nothing was thought of her absence beyond a slight uneasiness until evening set in. Inquiries, then, at the neighbors' where she would most probably stop, failed to discover her whereabouts, and as the night wore on a more systematic search was made. All night long her family and friends searched for her without avail, and the coming of the morning brought no tidings.

Later in the day one of the search party found her lying near the railroad track, about half a mile from her father's house. She appeared to be dead. The alarm was at once given and the body removed to the house, where it was found that although in a most precarious condition, she was not entirely beyond the hope of recovery. Her body was horribly mutilated. She was cut in several places, one stab in her neck nearly severing the windpipe. When she had regained consciousness she told how she had been waylaid by a man on her way home from church, and how the brute had ill-treated her. She was able to give happily, a minute description of her assailant, and a short time after Deboer was arrested. He was found at his work, and appeared entirely unconcerned when the officers of the law apprehended him. It was evident that he thought her dead and that the evidences of his crime had been entirely concealed by his precautions. He was removed to the house where he was positively identified by Miss Martin. Thence he was taken to jail and locked up. She died on October 26, after lingering in great

agony for a week. The sentiment of the vicinity, which had been most violent against the prisoner from the first, broke beyond all bounds when the news of her death was received, and a body of determined men went to the jail to take the prisoner out and hang him. On the night before they reached there, however, Deboer, who, it appears, was a most consummate villain, set fire to the jail building, and the damage resulting was so great as to necessitate his removal with other prisoners to Peoria for safe keeping. Had not the jail been fired he would in all probability have met his execution at the hands of Judge Lynch. His trial was followed by his sentence on January 20th, of this year, and the justice of his execution is acknowledged on all sides. Portraits and full particulars of the tragedy were published in the GAZETTE at the time of its occurrence.

A WOMAN'S SCHEMES.

Nellie McPhearson, a Female Detective, Runs in a Daring Criminal.

For the past three months Nellie McPhearson, who has for some time been in the employ of the St. Joseph Commercial Detective Agency, has traveled through the west and northwest on business connected with the agency and her success as a "spotter" shows her to be a remarkably shrewd woman. She is about thirty-two years old, tall and slender, with dark hair, piercing black eyes and altogether very stylish and attractive. Her latest exploit terminated in Chicago a day or two ago, when she succeeded in getting the clinchers on one of the deepest-dyed villains in the west, and the leader and accomplice of gang of counterfeiters who have infested this section for the past two years.

Some months since, the managers of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe, the C., R. I. & P., the C. B. & Q., and the Chicago and Northern railroads became cognizant of the fact that a great many bogus local tickets had been set afloat along their lines, and on application Detective Murray of Chicago, was authorized to work up the job, and bring the guilty parties to justice. He reported from time to time that no satisfactory trail of the counterfeiters could be struck, and finally Nellie McPhearson was delegated to assist him in the work. From the outset she was suspicious of the detective himself, and for three months she

WATCHED HIM LIKE A HAWK, though pretending to fall desperately in love with him, and more than anxious that they should succeed in their undertaking in order that they might raise a "stake," get married and settle down. Sharp as he was, the woman fooled him. Last week the two spent several days in St. Joseph, and while Murray was "working" in certain parts of the city, or pretending to be rather, Nellie was closeted in the office of her employers reporting progress, which, to say the least, was anything but favorable to the "detective"—her pretended lover, Mr. Murray. From St. Joseph they went to Chicago, where a few days' secret investigation placed her in possession of a perfect whirlwind of evidence, and convinced her that "Detective" Murray was the very man who had set afloat the bogus railroad tickets. Then she set her trap, gave the detective an official surprise in his room at the hotel, and as a result he now plays checkers with his nose in a Chicago jail. Since his capture she has procured much information regarding his criminal record, and there is no doubt that he is one of the worst counterfeiters the West has had to deal with for many years. He is known to be a "pal" of the

NOBODIOUS COUNTERFEITER, die manufacturer, Hank Bennett, of Indiana.

Miss McPhearson states that she has positive proof that he had furnished the dies and was one of the prime movers in the gang of counterfeiters now operating in Holt, Nodaway and Andrew counties, ten of whom have been captured within the past year.

The last raid upon the gang in northwest Missouri, some two weeks ago, resulted in the capture of Moore, Wilson and McClintock, all well known citizens of Holt county. The two former are in jail at Independence and McClintock is out on bail. Nellie McPhearson is expected to arrive in St. Joseph this evening or to-morrow, when she will take a brief rest and then depart on a professional tour through the south in search of a handsome young "masher" who is wanted up in these parts, and wanted badly.

Favorites of the Footlights.

[With Portrait.]

Few artistes in the theatrical world are better known than the charming lady whose handsome face graces our gallery this week. Her fame is well established as one of the most versatile and accomplished of the many talented beauties who delight the public. Although she has confined herself wholly to the burlesque stage, she has occasionally attempted legitimate business, and shown an aptitude for that line which would justify her in taking a leading position in our best theatres. She is at present traveling, and finds friends and admirers among all who delight in good acting.

Marseilles, Ill., has had a genuine sensation furnished its quiet citizens by some Chicago paper warehouse, the firm operating which, and location, is at present unknown. It seems that several bales of old paper were shipped from Chicago by various junk men to the Marseilles paper mill, and on opening one of these a paper package containing the dead body of a young child flattened out was discovered. The outside covering of the packages had been mixed, and as the body emitted a terrible stench it was thrown into the river, thus destroying all evidence in a case which, traced out, might possibly indicate how difficult it is for the thousand and one junk-shop girls in Chicago to live on 75 cents a week, and how temptation, when offering a better recompense, comes, in many cases, unresisted.

"HERE'S RICHNESS!"

Scandal-Mongers Will Please Make
a Note That Jackson,
Mich., is the

BANNER TOWN FOR SENILE SIN.

A Trio of Prominent Citizens Carry on
a Series of Orgies of the Most
Debasing Character.

REAL ESTATE KATE'S WICKED COMPANY.

[Subject of Illustration.]

JACKSON, Mich., March 11.—For an amusing combination of audacity and imbecility, lechery and impotency, respectability and diabolism, the world is respectfully referred to Jackson. Two prominent citizens have left town, one other wishes he had; the woman in the case is in jail, and there are several other people who are not happy. About six months ago a rather prepossessing female, apparently on the friendly side of forty, came to Jackson, representing that she desired to invest in real estate in some way. She made the acquaintance of Martin Mosher, once a heavy real-estate dealer, but now poor. As she was walking along Main street with Mosher one day, Mr. Almon Patterson and his wife drove past in a buggy. Patterson is a man of considerable means, an old, prominent citizen, retired from business, and known as a capitalist. Aside from the collection of rents his only occupation is dealing in real estate. The comely form of the woman and her stylish gait attracted Patterson's attention, and on the next day he asked Mosher who she was. He was told, and he invited Mosher to bring her to his house, ostensibly with a view to profitable dickers in dirt. The woman, who gave her name as Mrs. Kate Loring, called at the Patterson mansion on the next day, talked of investments and the like, got acquainted, and then left the city. This ends the first chapter. On March 3 Mrs. Loring reappeared in Jackson, and engaged a room and board at the Hibbard House. Around the hotel she was

UNOBTRUSIVE AND LADYLIKE,

and attracted no special attention. Meanwhile her work was being done on the outside. Almon Patterson's wife, a thoroughly respectable lady, had gone south for her health, and there was solitude in the large mansion. The advent of the woman with an unpronounceable alias, who may be called Kate for short, was a sudden joy. According to her statement, and the confession of Patterson, she became a guest at his house on the first or second night of her arrival. Now Patterson, who is sixty-eight years of age, is given to whisky, and his companions in the festive game are frequently Colonel Eaton, another capitalist and real estate dealer of sixty, and Douglas Gibson, president of the Jackson Interest and Deposit bank, one of the eminently respectable men of the city, whose domestic and social relations are of the best. This little whisky coterie formed the acquaintance of Kate, and for the better part of a week there seems to have been high carnival at the house of Patterson. Kate was installed as priestess over nocturnal orgies, and what should have been the sacred precincts of a home were transformed into a saturnalian realm. For at least four nights she remained all night. It is claimed she had a mission to perform, and that was to compromise all parties and extort money from them. Shrewd as she was herself, she could never have succeeded but for the sublime asininity of her enticed victims. It is boldly asserted and partially confessed that Patterson shared her bed every one of these nights. So potent was the spell that this designing woman cast upon the trio that, as is alleged, they permitted themselves to forego cards and wine long enough to

STRIP HER TO NUDETY

and hold lascivious revel in the presence of her unveiled charms. On Sunday afternoon last it is claimed that the scene was transferred to Kate's room at the hotel, two of the men spending much time there, denuding her and otherwise indulging in lustful delights. But Kate, while apparently entering heartily into these disgusting scenes, did not lose sight of her object. Unfortunately for her she was too precipitate. On Monday morning she made a demand of Patterson, and he, being of a stingy turn, and somewhat ignorant of the ways of the world, contemptuously tendered her a dollar as payment in full. Conch shells, cushions, furniture, oaths, and revolvers flew right and left, and presently Kate, Patterson and Colonel Eaton were standing on the front porch. Attorney Peck was sent for, and he finally succeeded in leading theirate Kate away to his office, where she told him she was after money, and offered him a liberal percentage of all he could squeeze out of her victims. He undertook to effect a settlement, acting in the capacity of attorney for both sides, but was unsuccessful. On Tuesday morning came the finale. Shortly before 9 o'clock Kate went to Patterson's house, grasped the bell-knob and rang. Patterson was within, but refused to respond. The second and third pulls brought no answer. Kate then settled down to continuous ring, and for a full half hour rained innumerable tintinnabulations into the old man's ears. Crowds of school children gathered and crowded, and passing pedestrians paused to see the fun. At last Kate began trying the windows, all but one of which were securely fastened. This one she found, raised, sprang into the room, confronted the astounded and thoroughly frightened Patterson,

rushed into his bedroom, disrobed, and went to bed. A few minutes later, when Colonel Eaton was summoned, she declared to him that she had been there all night. Patterson went for help, and during his absence the woman proposed to

DEMOLISH MORE FURNITURE.

Colonel Eaton is a man of stalwart proportions and great nerve. Instead of pleading with her he raised his cane and swore roundly that he would brain her if she dared to proceed, "and I really believe he would have done it," said Kate, when describing the scene. The woman's arrest followed immediately, at the house. Patterson is a weak, penurious, clever man. Had he been possessed of the firmness of Colonel Eaton, he might have throttled the woman and her plans. Gibson is the only man whose social standing can be materially affected, and was the first to suspect the woman's game and placed himself beyond her reach. The warrant for the woman's arrest charged her with malicious mischief. This morning she was arraigned before Justice Palmer, in the presence of all the boys and bald-heads in the city, who were disgusted to find her doubly veiled. The first charge was discontinued, and she was charged with an attempt to blackmail. Colonel Eaton failed to appear, he having gone to Port Huron "on business" early this morning. As for Gibson, he left the city on Tuesday, also on business, and Patterson was the only witness present. He proved a very reluctant one, and tried time and again to have the case continued, but the court refused to humor him. On motion of Prosecuting Attorney Haire, the case was continued till Monday, because of the absence of Eaton and Gibson. All day strenuous efforts have been made to buy off the woman, but her figures have not been reached. She offers to settle for \$1,200, and it is probable she will have it in hand before Monday. She acknowledges that she is an adventuress, and came here to make money, but refuses to give her antecedents. It is believed that she is from Montreal. She has telegraphed for a Detroit lawyer to come to her rescue. She admitted that she was forty years old, and swore

SHE WOULD HAVE MONEY OR BLOOD,

and perhaps both. The prosecuting attorney is determined to land her in the penitentiary. The sport is not yet over.

Mr. Patterson testified substantially as follows: "I have lived in Jackson more than thirty years. I first saw defendant six months ago, at Colonel Eaton's office, and talked with her about real estate. I next saw her at my house last week, with Colonel Eaton. He brought her there, and as soon as he was gone (she having said she did not care to ride down with him), she asked, 'Is he gone?' I said yes. On a subsequent occasion, March 7, when she was at my house, she caught a shell, broke a picture with it, and started for the mirror. I caught her, threw her down and dragged her to the door, and when I let go of her with one hand to open the door she drew a pistol and threatened to shoot. I sat her in a chair, and went and got my own pistol, and tried to get her to leave, but she said she would not till I signed a paper acknowledging that I had had criminal intercourse with her or would pay her. I asked her how much she wanted, and she said she would leave it to me. I said I thought about two shillings would be the correct figure. As I couldn't get her out of the house I sent for Colonel Eaton and Douglas Gibson. She then told me she would do as Erastus Peck said, and I went for him. She admitted to Eaton and Peck that she was a prostitute and a blackmailer, and wanted to know what they were going to do about it. The next morning she came to my front door and rang the bell. The door was locked, and I retired to my room. The first thing I knew she came bounding in through a window. I tried to stop her, and she ran into the front room, commenced to disrobe and then jumped into bed. Colonel Eaton came in about this time, she being arrayed in only her drawers and chemise, and she threatened in his presence to smash the furniture and make it cost me \$5,000 if I didn't sign a paper acknowledging criminal intimacy or pay her on the spot. I told her she knew I had not been intimate with her. She replied: 'If you have not, it is your own fault, as you might have been.' She commenced tearing the curtains, and said she wanted to see Peck, and I went for him. I met Prosecuting Attorney Haire, and determined to have her arrested."

When cross-examined by Frank Hewlett, an attorney who is to Jackson what Counselor Trude is to Chicago, Mr. Patterson corrected his statement as to his first meeting with the woman. He said:

"Martin Mosher brought her to my house six months ago, and left her there. I next met her at Colonel Eaton's office, and stayed with her while the colonel went to dinner. There was a bed in the back room. I didn't go into that room with her."

LIE ON THE BED WITH HER

or coax her. I didn't tell Mosher I wished her to come and see me. On March 3 Col. Eaton brought her to my house, but not by my request. I did not promise to give her a house and lot if she would be my mistress. My wife left the city March 2. Mrs. Loring came to my house at 7 o'clock on the evening of March 3. Col. Eaton went to her hotel, locked her room, and brought the key back to her. She slept at my house all night. I slept in the bath-room. I refuse to say whether I slept with her at my house or not, as it may tend to criminate me. I did tell the chambermaid next morning that a person had staid with me all night. I did introduce the defendant to Mr. Gibson, but I did not say that he would please her much better than I could. I introduced her to Gibson in the back room of the bank on the evening of the 4th. Gibson brought the woman to my house on the evening of 7 o'clock. I cannot say whether Col. Eaton and I left Gibson and her alone together or not. We had some wine. Col. Eaton was at my house when they came. She slept in my bed again that night. Cannot say whether I requested her to stay or not, but she did. I understood she came to my house to negotiate about some real estate. Cannot say whether anything was said about real estate or not. I refuse to state whether I asked her to strip and show herself to Col. Eaton and Gibson or not. I do not remember whether, on the morning of the 5th, Col. Eaton

came to my house and asked me what kind of a time I had had, and that I answered, 'A splendid time.' I was never at her room in the Hibbard House. I saw Mr. O'Donnell, of the Jackson *Citizen*, in the hall on Sunday, at the Hibbard House. I went there to get my book from her, which was there. It was the "Rise and Fall of Athens." I refuse to say whether she stripped off all her clothes in Eaton's and Gibson's presence. I refuse to say whether she slept at my house on the night of the 6th."

Question—"Did you attempt to have connection with her or not?"

Answer—"I fooled with her a little, I guess. I refuse to answer the question. I refuse to say whether on Sunday evening I unbuttoned her clothing on the couch at my house, in Col. Eaton's presence, as it might

TEND TO CRIMINATE ME.

A French safe was called for by her, and I took one out of my pocket-book, and Col. Eaton broke it. On Sunday night Col. Eaton made an arrangement to stay with her Monday night at my house. I afterward told Col. Eaton I did not want her to come to my house any more, as I had company. I refuse to say whether on Monday I saw her stripped in the bathroom. She made the bed at my house on Monday morning. I refuse to say whether I slept with her on Sunday night or not, as it might tend to criminate me. I told her on the 8th that I thought she was worth twenty-five cents. It was not because I called her a prostitute and offered her twenty-five cents that she threw the shell at me, and it hit the picture and broke it. I got the pistol, and she said she had just as soon die as not, and I said, 'Do not die on my hands.' I do not remember certainly about that, as she drew a revolver on me. It was not in the struggle between her and me that the curtains were torn down. They were muslin. She tore them down while I was at the door. I do not think I was so excited as not to know whether she or I tore the curtains down. I did not tell Peck on the morning of the 9th that I had slept with her four nights. I do not know that she had left her corset and gloves and do not know whether she said, 'I want my property.' I will not say whether she said she would leave if I would treat her properly or not, and I don't think I got my pistol at that time. I had it in my pocket all the time on that morning. On Tuesday morning a shade came down in the bed-room, and I threatened to shoot her. I thought she had pulled it down. I went to prosecuting Attorney R. J. Haire's office with Attorney Peck to get her arrested. I did not tell Haire all the facts, and truthfully; I only told him about the destruction of the property."—*Chicago Times*.

Raiding the Sinners.

[With Illustrations.]

CHICAGO, Ill.—The residents of the most respectable and aristocratic part of this city, Eighteenth street and Indiana Avenue were horrified a few nights since by a raid on an assignation house located right in their midst. It has been the resort of all the fast young bloods about town, as well as some of the older bloods whose connection and social position should have deterred from frequenting such places. Mrs. Bloom is the proprietress, and is well known among the demi-monde as a woman of very aristocratic proclivities. She has always managed during her career of sin to secure a place for her traffic in the most respectable localities, and generally carries matters with a very extravagant hand.

Not far from her house lived Mr. George Pullman, of palace car fame, Mr. Julius Rosenthal, and other equally prominent families. The affairs of her bagnio were conducted in so open a manner that Mr. Pullman complained to the Chief of Police. The chief promised to attend to the matter, but evidently forgot it, and Madame Bloom continued her proprietorship undisturbed. Mr. Pullman and Rosenthal then put the matter into the hands of a well-known detective agency, who were to swear out warrants and arrest the inmates after having secured sufficient evidence against them. The house was watched night and day by spotters, and the detectives even went so far as to place a young sporting woman in the house every night, who afterward furnished proof sufficient to warrant a raid. This young woman, Kate Curtis, tells a terrible story of shame and debauchery. Young ladies and married women of respectable families came there every night to meet gentlemen, some of whom hold positions of trust and prominence.

When all the legal documents had been prepared and everything was in readiness, the detectives pounced upon the house 45 Eighteenth street, and placed all the inmates, besides Mr. and Mrs. Bloom, under arrest. Fifteen ladies and gentlemen were the result of the haul, and all were taken before Justice Prindle, where they gave bail in various sums. The hour chosen for the raid was 12 o'clock at night. Mrs. Bloom felt very indignant when the officers put her under arrest, and her husband came running down stairs, revolver in hand, and threatened tragedy on the spot if they did not vacate. His intentions were, however, cooled, and no damage done. From present prospects none of the parties found at the house will be prosecuted, the complainants not caring to expose them. Madame Bloom has promised to seek other quarters.

Raymond's Racket.

[With Portraits.]

An account of the attempted abduction of a young lady in Kansas City, Mo., has already been published in the *GAZETTE*. Will Raymond invited Miss Ferguson out for a drive, and then attempted to force her to leave the city with him, and she not caring to comply was treated to a lively ride through the streets, his object being to convey her to some place where she would be compelled to accede to his villainous demands. The young lady succeeded in escaping, however, and thus saved herself from the clutches of this infamous scoundrel.

SENATOR HILL'S TEMPTERS.

He Claims That He is the Victim of a
Conspiracy—And the Other Side Claim
He is a Very Bad Man Among the
Feminines.

WASHINGTON, March 14.—The flutter of excitement which has been raised by the allegations of Mrs. Belva Lockwood against Senator Ben Hill, by the suit of the Raymond girl for seduction against the same senator, and Senator Hill's assertion that he is the victim of a most foul conspiracy, has not yet subsided, and the indications are that there will be a senatorial investigation, which may result in some startling developments.

In an interview published in the *Post* last Friday, Senator Hill told of a strange visit which had been made to him by a woman who came to the Capitol in a carriage, and sent in the name of Senator Kellogg's wife, but who proved to be, according to the senator's own description, a plaguesome good-looking young woman, whom he knew to be a divorced woman, and not Senator Kellogg's wife at all. The senator further stated that this woman urged and entreated him to come to her rooms on the next day on the plea of desiring to tell him of some plots which were on foot to injure him, and the senator, as he himself says, in order to get rid of her, promised to go, but did not go, having no idea of keeping the promise when he made it. Concerning this woman, Senator Hill, in the interview published, used this language:

"I think she was employed by a gang who wanted to intimidate me so as to affect or influence my action in making up the report of the committee, of which I am chairman, investigating the claims of Messrs. Spofford and Kellogg to a seat in the senate from Louisiana. It is a conspiracy, and I will only add that I am investigating the conspiracy and have secured a lot of testimony, part of it sworn to."

RAYMOND RAMPANT.

Miss Raymond is still here, and furnishes good proof from her actions that she is capable of doing an enormous amount of lying. Her denial after having charged Senator Hill with seduction has placed Mrs. Belva Lockwood, her counsel, in hot water, and the latter retaliates with more charges, which, if true, make the senator out a very immoral man. In an interview with the woman Raymond, she says:

"I regret very much having treated Mrs. Lockwood so; but if the people only knew how I was situated they would not wonder at what I did. I did not know what to do—not even how I could pay my board."

"Then you have a claim on Ben Hill?"

"Of course I have. I did not know what was in the paper when I signed it. I did not know what I was doing. I did not get anything for signing; but some of Ben Hill's friends came to me afterward and gave me \$30. They wanted me to understand, though, that it was not from Senator Hill, but a gift from them, because they

PITIED MY CONDITION.

These people talk to me so when they come to me. They say I am the best woman in the world, and try to please me. They tell me Ben Hill has got to say something, and so he says that I am blackmailing him. They tell me to be patient, and wait, and trust to his honor. I have been patient and waited. I can't stand everything; and they will drive me crazy. I will get desperate some day, and go up to the capitol and see Ben Hill."

Miss Raymond uttered the last sentence in a very threatening tone, as if she meant the interview would be an unpleasant one.

"Will you go on with the suit?"

"Yes, I will do that. I don't think Mrs. Lockwood can get anything from him. God knows that this is Ben Hill's child. They can't give me money enough to get me to say that it is not Ben Hill's child."

An investigation of the several charges made against Senator Hill is promised at an early date by the senate. Hill has very good grounds for an investigation of the investigators, if all the stories regarding various senators are true.

Out in the Cold.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A rather amusing incident occurred on Lexington avenue one night during the past week. Mr. Harrison is a gentleman rather too fond of wine suppers and late hours, and frequently gets very much under the weather, literally and metaphorically. On the night in question he succeeded in filling his skin with the ruby demon, and started home under the auspices of his coachman, who in duty bound escorted him to the door and rang the bell. Mrs. H. soon made her appearance, *en deshabille*, and opened the door to let her lord and master in. Not thinking that any one but her husband was present, she advanced a little further than she would have otherwise done, when, by one of those unforeseen accidents which no one can prevent, the door closed and left her outside in the rain. Mr. H. in his drunken humor regarded it as a good joke, and gave way to a burst of merriment which did not tend to enhance his wife's opinion of his care for her comfort. The door was finally opened, and the inference is reasonable that Mr. H.'s head was swelled in the morning more than a copious indulgence in spirits would warrant.

A New Way.

[Subject of Illustration.]

LEROY, Ill., March 10.—A man named McKenzie, a tailor, committed suicide this afternoon in a strange and shocking manner. He walked on to the B. and W. railroad track, and when the engineer gave the alarm, he simply turned about and placed his hands on the track with his head downward, and was in a moment crushed to death. He had probably been drinking.

A BIG PLUNGE.

Adventurous Boyd—Headlong Into the River one Hundred Feet.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Thomas Boyd, the English diver and swimmer, made another leap from the top of the main span of the Jeffersonville, Ind., bridge last week, and this time under such auspices that there could be no doubt of his having performed the daring and dangerous feat. It was kept a profound secret from everybody except the half dozen friends and the reporters who were to be present. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon accordingly the little party paid their toll and walked out on the bridge to the main span over the Indiana chute. At this point the lower floor of the bridge is ninety-six and one-half feet below low water stage. The railing is fully five or six feet above this, and from the slight cornice on the outside to the water below is about 100 feet sheer. The friends who accompanied Boyd felt some uneasiness lest the water in the chute was too shallow, and that in the leap he would be dashed to death on the rocks at the bottom. He himself expressed no fear, however, but said the water was deep enough. There were nine feet eight inches on the gauge, and he calculated that he would sink but seven feet, the force of the current being sufficient to stop the descent. He said he had already made eleven bridge leaps, and that he rarely required more than nine feet of water.

Andrew Gray, of 182½ Market street, with whom Boyd makes his headquarters, and with whom he has been associated for three months, went to make arrangements for the boat to pick the diver up. Two skillful oarsmen were secured in the persons of Albert and Joseph Fuller, fishermen, who were out taking their nets. They signified their willingness to assist, and rowed along shore, and rounding out above the bridge dropped down to the pier, where they drew up in the eddy below it and held the skiff waiting for their

[SIGNAL TO ASSEET.]

In the meantime a few chance strollers on the bridge had stopped and discovered the intentions of Boyd. Several more were watching from the bank, and altogether about twenty people witnessed what occurred. As soon as the skiff drew up under the pier Boyd threw off his coat and vest and removed his shoes. He stood in his stocking-feet, with his trousers and a single shirt for covering. Borrowing a couple of handkerchiefs, he knotted them about his waist, pulled a skull-cap on his forehead, and stood harnessed for the leap.

"I won't disappoint you this time, boys," he said, smilingly, as he climbed over the railing and stood on the narrow curbing with his back to the bridge and the gulf before him.

Mr. Gray was to give the word, and he stood behind the intrepid Boyd, holding him with a hand on either shoulder. A stiff breeze was blowing, and it was chilly and damp.

"I'll lose my cap," said Boyd, looking in the water, which was boiling in the whirling current below; "but, d—n it," he added, on second thought, "what do I care for the cap?" It was evidence of his coolness that he remembered his cap.

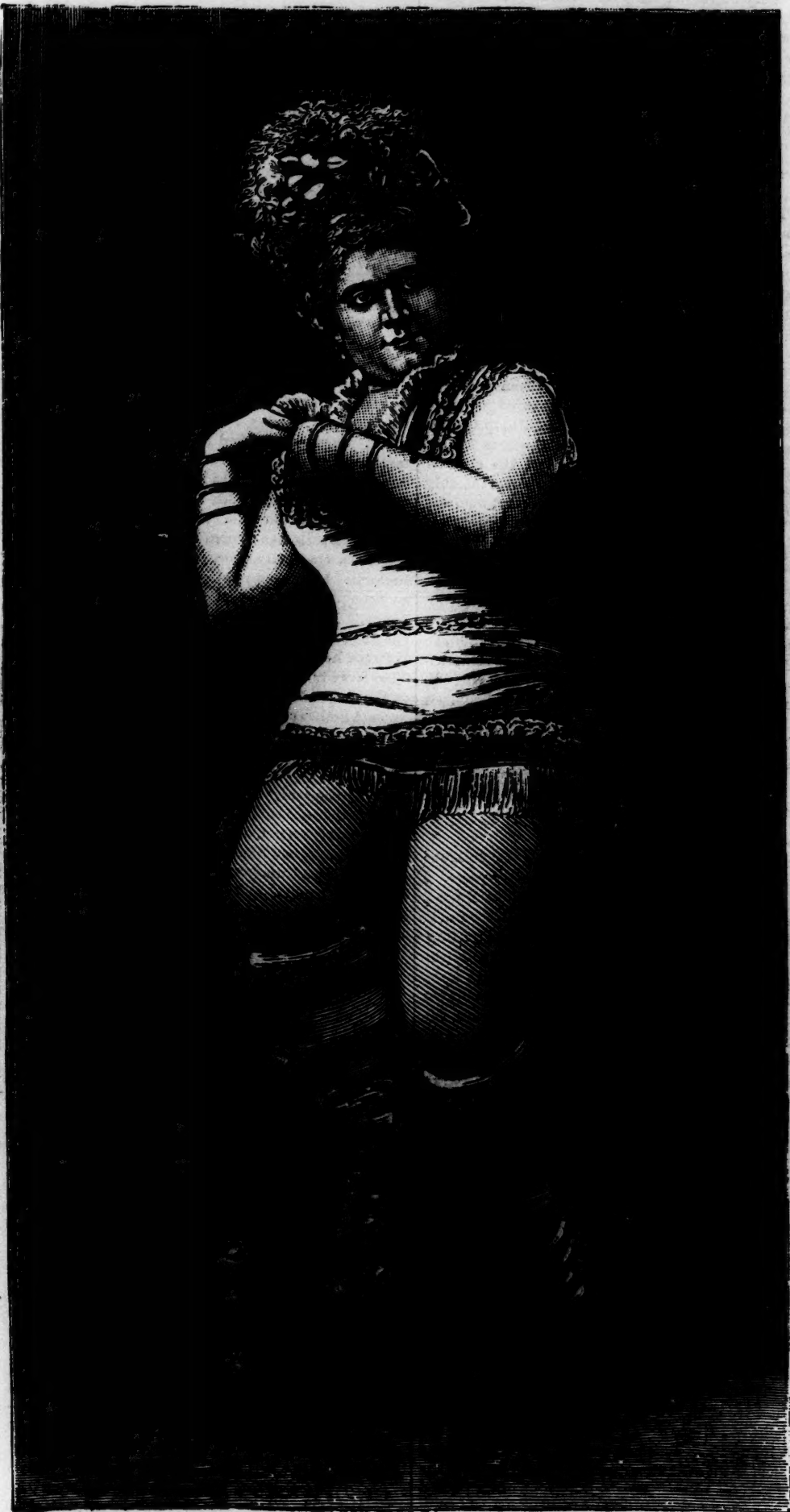
He pulled the cap down firmly again, and cried out to the men in the boat to "look sharp."

"One, two—" began Gray.

"I've had no dinner," said Boyd, "but you bet your life I'll enjoy my supper."

"Three—four!" said Gray.

At "four" the intrepid diver straightened up on his narrow perch and then with the leap of an athlete sprang out and downward, headlong to the river. The force of the leap sent him whirling over a complete somersault. The witnesses held their breath, for he had announced that he would describe two somersaults. The first was made safely, but then the hard wind caught the body and its fluttering garments, and stopped its momentum before the other circle could be completed. Two seconds of time had passed, and



FAVORITES OF THE FOOTLIGHTS—MAY TEN BROECK, VARIETY AND BURLESQUE ARTISTE.—See PAGE 2.

in the momentary resistance of the wind, the diver fell to the river upon his left hip.

WITH HIS BODY CURLED UP.

There was a pistol-like report, and the waters parted, shell-like, as the human burden fell upon them. For that instant, if he had been less trousers and more hue of "new-born babes," it would have been the picture of Cupid curled in a shell. But in that instant, the waves closed over the picture, and the body disappeared in the whirling waters, the black cap floating above the spot.

The boat had left the pier, turned the rapid current and shot towards the point. For seven seconds the spectators gazed in breathless suspense, and then the black hair of Boyd peeped up, and, with a shake of his head, he began swimming manfully, apparently with one arm. "He has broken his arm," cried one, and all thought so.

The skiff shot toward him with unerring aim, and Joseph Fuller, standing in the boat, seized him by the arm, drew him into the boat, which was then turned shoreward, and landed in a minute or two. The spectators hurried to the shore expecting to find Boyd injured, but he leaped out of the boat, smiling and vigorous, and started to the Fall's Power Mining Company's mill in a rapid walk.

There was no money gained by the leap. Boyd says that he did it merely to convince the people that it could be done safely. He intends to leap from the suspension bridge below Niagara Falls on the Fourth of July if arrangements can be made. The bridge is 190 feet above the water. His highest leap was made from the bridge at Decatur, Ala., 132 feet. He is confident that he can make a successful leap at Niagara, and proposes to put the performance of Sam Patch in the shade. He would like to get a man of means to undertake the Niagara Falls project.

The Parson Held the Joker.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The inhabitants of the Territories are peculiarly partial to "physical" religion, and the following account of a scare that occurred on a recent Sunday is taken from a local paper, as a practical illustration of the system:

If it had not been for the cool and very thoughtful judgment of the resident clergyman at Mason Valley, last Sunday, that community to-day would be in disgrace and without the holy influence of the gospel. On the occasion the man of God proved himself equal to the emergency. The place of meeting was comfortably filled; the minister had read the Psalm beginning, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want;" and he had given out the text, "For the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and gave his life a ransom for many." "A collection will now be taken for the promotion of missionary work in Van Dieman's Land," he remarked, and took a seat to await results and contemplate his sermon.

The deacon reached the lower end of the room and came to a rancher with a red beard, long hair, and a scar on his right cheek. He dropped a \$20-piece in the hat, but it had scarcely passed out of his hand before he recollected that the year's taxes had not been paid, and reached over to take some change. The deacon objected, and in the scuffle the hat was overturned, and the coin scattered on the floor. The congregation made a rush for the money, and undoubtedly there would have been a free fight had not the minister jumped into the pulpit, and leveling a six-shooter, yelled in a terrific tone:

"Order! The first one that moves is a corpse! What kind of a game is this? Recollect that this is God's holy day; and this is God's church, and by God you must act decent! This ain't Candelaria; take your seats. When a man puts down his money in this game it all goes, partner, and don't forget it. Deacon, gather up the coin and we'll proceed with the day's devotion."

The six-shooter was placed under the edge of the



THE PARSON HELD THE JOKER—"ORDER! WHAT KIND OF A GAME IS THIS?"—A GOOD SHEPHERD OBJECTS TO ANY CROOKED BUSINESS IN THE CHURCH-COLLECTION GAME, AND DECIDES WHERE THE STAKES BELONG IN THE CASE OF THE DEACON VS. A RED-HAIRED RANCHER, WHO CHANGES HIS MIND AFTER SEEING THE DEACON LIBERALLY—"DEACON, GATHER UP THE COIN, AND WE'LL PROCEED WITH THE DAY'S DEVOTION."

Bible with the hymnbook, and the sermon commenced with an attentive congregation.

The last hymn was "Nearer, my God, to Thee," which was sung with much feeling. After the benediction a motion was made and carried that the minister's salary be increased, and that he be allowed a two-month's vacation during the heated term.

Ferocious Females.

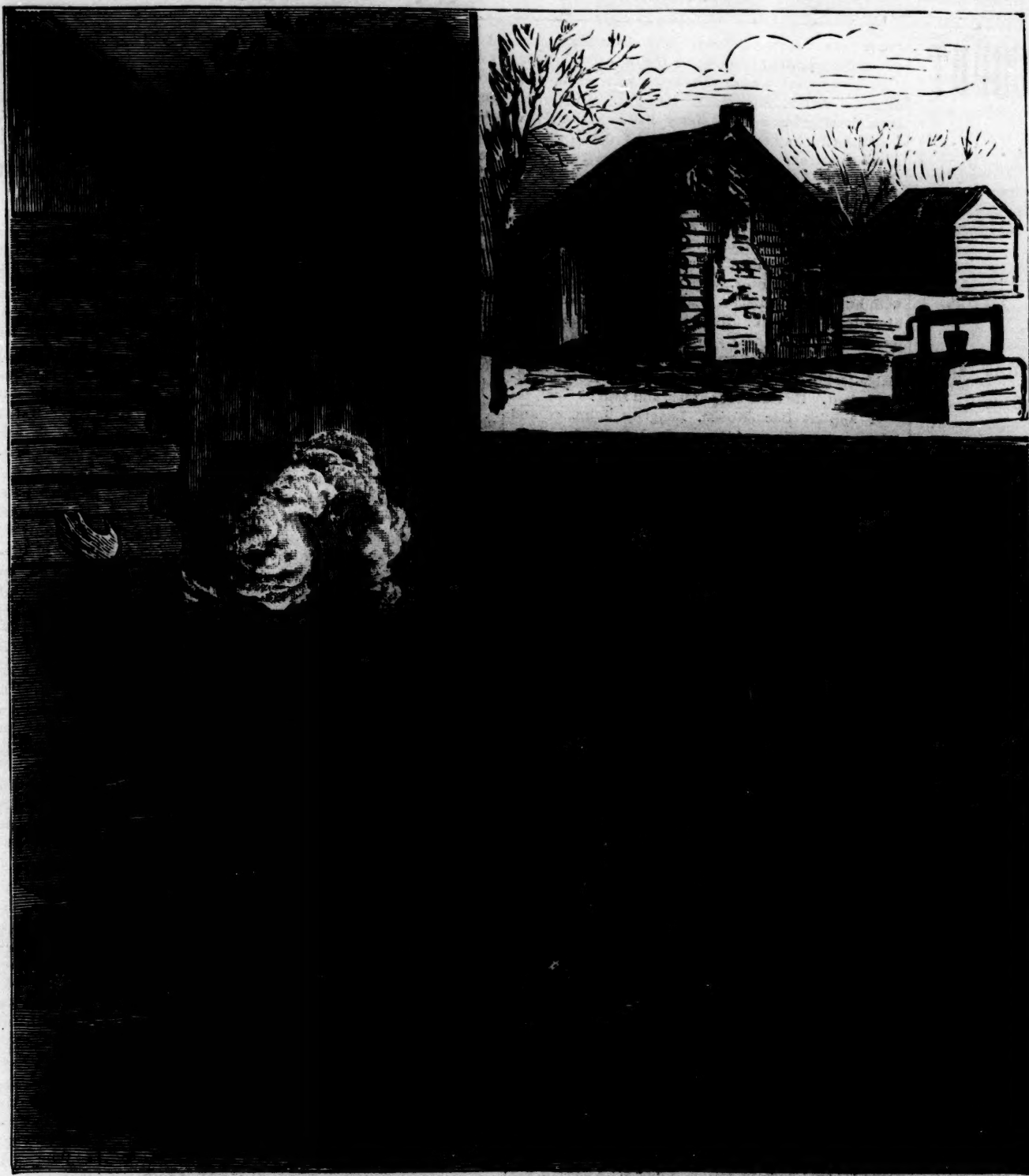
RICHMOND, Va., March 13.—Information reached here to-day of a horrible tragedy near Lebanon, in Russell county, this state, yesterday, the principals to which were two women. It seems that a woman in that neighborhood of bad morals secretly married a man named Barty. For some weeks past Barty has been suspected by his "other half" of being too fond of the company of another woman of bad repute by the name of Harmon. On Thursday last the latter, with a man named Jesse, was in the neighborhood drinking the whisky they had being some which Jesse had stolen from the Carter distillery, and was peddling out to passers-by on the road. The Harmon woman, while drunk, got over into a field of the Bartys and was there discovered by Mrs. Barty, who procured a cedar stick and, it is believed, literally beat her into a jelly. The body of the woman cannot be found, but strips of her clothing, comb, hair, flesh and blood are scattered all around. The Barty woman acknowledged she put the Harmon woman "out of her path forever," at the same time showing her arms, which were bloody up to the elbows. The man Jesse, who was with the Harmon woman says she is dead. There are several caves near, and streaks of blood could have been seen over the fence toward them. Mrs. Barty was arrested and taken to Lebanon, but through the negligence or otherwise of the officer in charge she escaped, and has not been heard of since. Jesse also skipped the country, and at last accounts could not be found. They can hardly escape, however, in a county like Russell, and will both doubtless be caught and brought to trial for the horrible deed they have committed. Great excitement exists, and the country is being scoured in every direction in the search for the fugitives.

A Bloody Conspiracy.

[Subject of Illustration.]

CAIRO, Ill., March 15.—Fred Whitcamp, Sr., formerly a resident of this city, moved a few months since out upon a farm on Dickey Island, a few miles up the Mississippi River, in this county. On Sunday, Feb. 22, he disappeared, and about a week after his family reported him to his relatives here as drowned. The story was that Mr. Whitcamp and his hired man, George Kohl, went out to the river, and, standing on the bank, the ground caved in and Whitcamp was drowned, while Kohl saved himself by catching on a root projecting from the shore. His story looked a little improbable to the relatives here, and they resolved to investigate the matter. The investigation alarmed Kohl and he started to leave the country. Sheriff Hodges overtook him at Jonesboro and brought him to this place, since which time he has been incarcerated in the county jail. He had a revolver of large calibre on his person, also fifty dollars in money. A detective was employed by Sheriff Hodges, who succeeded in obtaining an admission from Kohl that he had committed the murder, and that Mrs. Whitcamp helped bury the body. He also confessed where the body was hid.

Upon this information, on Sunday the sheriff, with a party of assistants, proceeded to Whitcamp's farm, arrested Mrs. Whitcamp and



SCENE OF THE WHITCAMP TRAGEDY—GEORGE KOHL MURDERS HIS EMPLOYER, BEING INCITED TO THE DEED BY HIS VICTIM'S WIFE, WHO AFTERWARDS ASSISTS HIM IN BURYING THE BODY; NEAR CAIRO, ILL.—[SKETCHED FOR THE GAZETTE BY SPECIAL ARTISTS.]

searched the house, finding in it a bloody apron, also a bloody pair of pants. About thirty or forty feet from the house was a pile of lumber, made from breaking up an old flatboat. Under this was found the shallow grave in which was buried Whitcamp's body. It was the locality designated by Kohl, and the appearance of the body corroborated his statement as to the manner of death. The body, together with Mrs. Whitcamp as prisoner, was brought to town. The prisoner was lodged in the county jail, and the body was taken to the residence of Fred Whitcamp, Jr., a nephew of the deceased, on Poplar street, near Seventeenth. On being confronted with the body neither of the prisoners exhibited any emotion. A coroner's jury was impaneled, to which Kohl made the following confession:

"My name is George Kohl; my age is forty-nine, and I was born in Germany; I worked for deceased one year since last October; I killed him; I shot him with a single barrel gun, loaded with buckshot; I think it also contained two balls; I done it on account of the wife of the deceased; she wanted it done a long time ago, but I did not want to do it; she wanted us to live together after deceased's death, without being married; she never promised me any money; I left because I was at the place alone, and thought I would go away for a time and then come back; Mrs. Whitcamp and I lived on terms of intimacy for eight or nine months; I think she liked me better than she did Whitcamp; when

await the decision of the court. The trial will take place soon, and will result in a hanging scrape without doubt.

A Doctor in Hot Water.

Dr. George L. Brooks, the Jersey City physician who was arrested on the 13th inst. and charged before Justice Streng with malpractice, was again arrested on the 16th on a similar charge. The charge on which he was arrested the first time was preferred by Georgiana Willis, a mulatto girl, and the second charge against him was made by Catharine Grey, a domestic at 95 Mercer street, Jersey City. Detective Stanton, of District Attorney McGill's office, who had the papers in the case, arrested the girl Grey in a house in Twenty-eighth street, this city. Detective Stanton also took William G. Lealie—whom the girl charges with her shame—into custody and placed him and the girl in the county jail. Dr. Brooks, upon being taken into custody, was allowed to visit his wife, and she followed him to Justice Streng's court, accompanied by her father, ex-Judge Samuel M. Chambers. Dr. Brooks was already under \$2,000 bail on the first charge, and Justice Streng demanded \$5,000 bail on the new charge. The father-in-law of the accused succeeded in inducing the court to reduce the bail to \$3,000, which was furnished by Hugh Roundtree, and Dr. Brooks was released and went home with his wife. The accused physician has resided in Jersey City all his lifetime, and is a member of one of the oldest and most respected families in the county. The penalty for the offence of which he is charged is ten years in the state prison.



CLARENCE E. DAVIS, CHAMPION BIGAMIST: EIGHT WIVES, AND SEVERAL COUNTIES NOT HEARD FROM.



ENOCH TERRY CARSON, RECENTLY APPOINTED CHIEF OF THE CINCINNATI POLICE FORCE.



DETECTIVE SHEA, THROUGH WHOSE EFFORTS THE CHARMING DAVIS WAS CAPTURED.

JUDGE LYNCH'S COURT.

A Long Hunt, Which Resulted in the Death of a Betrayer and Murderer.

A LIFE FOR A LIFE.

The Eloquent Plea That Met With a Ready Decision and Acquittal.

ROMANCE OF A WOMAN'S LIFE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A canon in the mountains, near the prosperous mining town of Douglas Creek, in Wyoming Territory. Grand and picturesque the peaks rise up on either side, towering far up toward the clouds, which hang in groups of golden beauty overhead. The crystal water of the creek, from which the town took its name, danced merrily over its rocky bed, its splashing blending in rippling melody with the soughing of the breeze through the lofty pines. Scattered here and there over a grassy plat were a number of determined looking men, dressed in the garb of mountaineers, conversing in low, earnest tones, as though their attention was engrossed by some matter of more than ordinary import. A little apart from the rest, closely guarded by two brawny mountaineers stood a youth apparently not over eighteen years of age, with features of remarkable beauty and form of the most perfect mold. Near him, coiled upon the grass, lay a rope, at one end of which a noose had been artistically formed. There could be no mistaking the scene—Judge Lynch was about to hold a court.

The youth had arrived in the camp but three days before on the stage from Laramie City, and had registered at the hotel as Harry Forrest. He told the inquisitive landlord (all western landlords are inquisitive) that he was the son of a wealthy merchant in the "States," and was on a tour of pleasure and observation in the mountains. He circulated freely among the rough element, which is a marked feature of every mining camp, and on account of the unusual beauty of his face was dubbed "Handsome Harry" by the denizens of the town.

Douglas Creek, like every other mining town, was infested with a large number of the "sporting fraternity," otherwise known as

PROFESSIONAL GAMBLERS.

Among these was a fine-looking, well-dressed man named George Watson. He had turned up in the camp about three months previous to the date of which I write, with plenty of money, which he spent with a lavish hand. His open-handed generosity had made him a favorite with all, and his skill in manipulating the cards could be attested by every one who had faced him at the gaming table.

It was soon observed that "Handsome Harry" was closely watching Watson's every movement, and several friends called the gambler's attention to that fact. To each one he replied that there was a familiar look on the youth's face—an expression that he had seen before, though when or where he had seen it his memory failed to divulge.

"I don't know what the boy is watching me for," he would say, yet a feeling of uneasiness which he could not hide would manifest itself, and it was noticed that since Harry's advent in the mines he began to drink heavily.

On the morning of the day on which this story opens Watson became intoxicated, and while sitting in the El Dorado saloon began to joke good-naturedly with the inmates. A young miner had just finished the reading of a letter which he had taken from the post-office, and while returning it to a dainty white envelope, Watson said:

"A letter from your sweetheart back in the States, eh, Tommy? I'll bet any man in the house ten to one that I've called the turn."

"That's just what you've done, Wat," replied the miner. "It's from my girl in Michigan, and a prettier or

BETTER GIRL DON'T LIVE.

If ever I strike pay-rock in this claim of mine I'll scoot back there quick, and give some preacher a chance to make a few dollars."

"Clear gone on her, I see, Tommy! Well, I've been there myself. I had a sweetness once, and I feed a gospel sharp for a two minutes' speech, but the game didn't stick six months. Oh! but she was a daisy, though, a high-toned beauty, but I never cared a curse for her. You see her old man had just bushels of shakels stored away, and the man's a precious fool that won't tackle matrimony when it's buried in a mine of ready coined gold. The old bloke didn't seem to cotton at all to his dear son-in-law, so when I got a grab at the pot I jumped the game and carried the swag with me. The old rooster's dead and roasting in Hades, I reckon, and I suppose the high-strung daughter done as most disappointed females do—supped a dose of cold poison, or joined the big army of females of easy virtue that every city—"

The sharp crack of a revolver echoed through the room, and Watson fell quivering in death, shot through the head, while "Handsome Harry's" voice rang out:

"Die! you thrice accursed villain, die! and remember Edna!"

"The gal's brother, for any amount o' dust!" cried a gambler, as the crowd rushed up toward the youth. He was at once disarmed and secured, a meeting called on the spot, and, by unanimous approval a

lynch court announced for 2 o'clock at the usual place, about five hundred yards down the canon.

At the appointed hour the crowd, with their prisoner in charge, repaired to the spot. Watson had been speedily buried, and Harry had persistently refused to offer any explanation of the cause of the murder further than to say: "He deserved it all, the villain!"

"HANG ME AS SOON AS YOU CHOOSE."

"I make a move that Tobe Allen be elected judge o' this ere court," cried one of the assembly, and the motion was unanimously carried. Allen, a tall, sun-browned mountaineer, with a face almost covered with huge black whiskers, stepped forward and seated himself upon a rock. He was dressed in the habiliments of a hunter, nearly every garment being partly or in whole formed of buckskin, and a brace of formidable-looking revolvers of the Colt pattern ornamented his belt. He called for order, and said:

"I app'nt Doc Woods, Lengthy Johnson and Arkansas as officers o' the court. It'll be their duty to preserve order, an' if the kid's foun' guilty to execute the sentence o' the court. The rest o' the crowd'll act as the jury, an' I want every one o' you to buckle down an' take in every word o' the witnesses' music an' give the lad every chance you kin—fur durn me if I don't kinder like his looks. Let yer verdict be a just one, accordin' to the facts an' evidence."

The officers designated took their post at the side of the prisoner, and the mass jury silently gathered around the seat of justice.

"Nobby Dyer!"

The person addressed, a flashily attired young man, wearing a grand display of breastpin and watch-chain, stepped to the front. Said the judge:

"Nobby, do you sw'ar that ye'll give us a squar' story on this killin' business, an' ladle out nuthin' but solid facts, so help you God?"

"Yes, judge."

"Turn 'er loose, then!"

"Well, gents, I'm the day gin slinger at the El Dorado; guess you all know that, though, fur I've had business dealin's with all o' you. Wat, the deceased, come into the saloon this mornin', I should judge about 7 o'clock—'twas just after I'd

MIXED YOUR FIRST COCKTAIL, JUDGE;

about 7, wasn't it?"

"Jist about that time; go ahead."

"Well, as I said, Wat come in an' begin to gin up purty lively. I seed he was takin on more'n usual, so I cramped on his whiskey a little, an' didn't put more 'n about half the usual amount into each cocktail. He kep' a hittin' at the juice, though, till he begin to feel purty comfortably happy, an' then he turned to an' begin to chaff the boys kind o' good-natured, you know. Wat was allers full o' fun when he had a good dose o' the fluid up his nose, and I never knowed him to pull a gun or act a darned bit ugly with anybody. He war settin' with his back towards the door when the kid, thar, come in an' leaned kind o' careless-like agin the pool table. Wat began to let loose a game about some gal that got sweet on him afore he left the states, when I noticed the kid turn sort o' pale an' grit his teeth! I was jist about to tackle the lad an' ask him what racket he was on when Billy Harvey called fur a toddy. Jist as I turned roun' toward the sugar drawer I heerd the gun go off, an', lookin' roun', I seed that it war this kid that had turned 'er loose. I set the toddy up to Billy, an' when I seed that Wat had got his medicine dead sure, I hopped over the bar an' tuk the pop away from the kid an' asked him what'n thunder he wanted to raise a row in the house fur. He didn't say anythin' 'cept somethin' about the villain, meanin' the deceased, a-deservin' all he'd got, an' I couldn't git no more out o' him. That's all I know, gents, 'cept that the shot war a daisy! I've seed my share o' sich rackets, but I never seed a man git it neater than Wat did."

"Did the kid deny the shootin'?"

"No, judge; he jist the same as acknowledged it."

"You are sure that Han'some Harry fired the shot that

"CROAKED GEORGE WATSON?"

"Perfectly sure, judge."

"That's all, then."

A number of witnesses were called, and all corroborated the bar-keeper's story. When the evidence was all heard the judge turned to the accused and said:

"Harry, hev ye any witnesses fur yer defense?"

"I have none, sir, but the Almighty."

"Well, I don't suppose He'd pay any 'tention to a subpeny from this court. Ye've heard the evidence, an' you mus' see that it hits you purty straight. The punishment fur permissuous shootin' in these mountains lays in the end of that 'ere rope. You air a stranger to every one hyar, but it's purty generally put up by the boys that you air a brother o' the gal that Wat war a chinnin' about when you slung him his medicine. In some parts that mout be edged in by fly law sharps as a extenocatin' circumstance, but I can't advise you to hook a hope onto it hyar. You hev so far refused to open yer mouth regardin' the matter, but I'd advise you to put in a word afore the case goes to the jury. If you want to testify in yer own behalf now's yer time to sing yer song! Hev ye anythin' to perduce?"

Harry stepped forward and faced the stern-looking crowd. With a clear and fearless eye he glanced over the assembly a moment, and then began to speak in a voice in which not a tremor could be detected:

"Gentlemen, I stand before you as a convicted murderer, for I can read my fate in your cold, determined faces. I have read enough and heard enough about how such cases are disposed of in this wild country to know that in a few moments I will hang suspended from a limb of one of those trees! I was fully conscious of this when I fired the shot which

BLOTTED A MONSTER

from the face of the earth! Before you carry your sentence into execution I will tell my story, and then when I am dead some of you may, perhaps, feel a little sympathy for Harry, as you call me. Do not for a moment think that I talk to consume time and

delay the execution, for I truthfully assure you that I do not fear the death which awaits me.

"In one of the most beautiful cities in the State of Ohio lived a wealthy, inoffensive old man named Forrester. That man, now in his grave, was my beloved father! He had a daughter, Edna, upon whom he doted, and she was, indeed, the light and comfort of his old age. People called her amiable and beautiful and, as might be expected, there were numerous suitors for her hand, and the fortune which awaited her upon her father's death. Among these suitors was a young man named Fred Marston, the son of a wealthy merchant of the same city, and upon him Edna bestowed the purest love of her innocent heart. The young man was somewhat wild and a little inclined to dissipation, and on that account father violently opposed the union. Marston promised to reform and Edna, poor girl, trusted implicitly in him, and they were secretly married without her father's consent. When the news was broken to the old man the shock so unnerved him that he was taken to his bed by an attack of nervous prostration. The newly wedded couple took up their abode in the parental mansion, Edna positively refusing to leave her father in his illness. Faithfully she watched by his bedside, ministering to his every want with tender, loving hands, and praying earnestly that he might recover and bestow upon herself and husband the blessing which she so coveted.

"Marston proved a kind and loving husband for a brief period, and then again fell into his dissolute habits, frequently mistreating his wife in a cruel manner. The life of the young bride, which she had so fondly dreamed would be one continued gleam of sunshine, became overcast with dark clouds of sorrow.

"One morning Marston was missing from his bed when Edna awoke, and a letter left upon his pillow informed her that he had decided to forever leave her and seek a home in the far West. Almost crazed with grief she flew to her father's chamber for consolation from his dear lips, but when she entered the door

A HORRIBLE SIGHT MET HER GAZE!"

Here, for the first time, the speaker broke completely down, and covering his face with his hands began to sob violently. The crowd was listening with breathless attention, bending forward toward the youth as if fearing to lose a word of the story.

"Brace up, lad; brace up!" said the Judge, wiping his eyes in a suspicious manner. "Take all the time ye want, an' reel us off the hull business."

The youth rallied, and in a choking voice, his eyes suffused with tears, resumed:

"Oh, gentlemen! there upon his bed, weltering in blood, lay her father; her idolized old father, dead, with a knife, which she had seen in her husband's possession, sticking in his breast! She screamed for help and then swooned away, and a brain fever held her a raving maniac for eight long weeks!

"When she recovered she learned that the murderer of her father had robbed him of a large amount of money, and that the detectives had utterly failed to obtain the slightest clew to his whereabouts. When able to leave her room she sought her murdered father's grave, and upon her bended knees above those loved remains she registered a fearful vow that she would not rest day or night until she had tracked the murderer to his hiding place and slain him as remorselessly as he had slain her only parent.

"From the letter left behind she inferred that Marston had gone West, and she at once set out in that direction. Fortune favored her, for at Omaha she learned that a man answering the description had left on the Union Pacific train about three or four days after the date of her father's death, ticketed for Laramie City. She followed upon his track, and at Laramie City learned from the stage agent of his departure for this place. The next stage brought her here as a passenger, like a bloodhound

UPON THE MURDERER'S TRAIL!"

With a sweeping movement of the hand the youth removed his hat, and a wealth of golden hair fell in luxuriant beauty over the shapely shoulders.

"Gentlemen, I am Edna Forrester—I cannot call myself by his accursed name—and the man, the villain, the fiend I slew was my murderous husband, who has lived among you as George Watson, and who was boasting and gloating over his damnable work when I sent his guilty soul into eternity. Now, hang me—I am ready to die!"

"An' I'm ready to blow the holy delights outter the fust crooked son of a gun that lays a han' on her!" yelled the judge, drawing his revolvers. "Jist sif this matter to a bang-up visitation o' God an' give us yer verdict—guilty or not guilty?"

The crowd had long before decided that matter, and "Not guilty" came forth in chorus, and then the deafening cheers made the old canon ring again and again.

Edna was escorted back to the camp and placed in charge of the landlord's wife, who soon clothed her in the proper habiliments of her sex. As usual, over any great excitement,

WHISKY FLOWED FREELY,

and the health of the lady was drunk again and again by the excited crowd. One enthusiastic individual was loud in his suggestions that Marston should be dug up and hanged with the rope prepared for "Handsome Harry," "for," he asserted, "if ever a man deserved hangin' he does!"

The lady disappeared as quietly as "Harry Forrest" had appeared, and was never afterwards heard of in the mines. Tobe Allen went East a short time ago, but as he has not yet returned we will not credit the silly rumors that are afloat that "Handsome Harry" knows what took the worthy judge so far from home.

ALBERT PAYNE RICHARDSON eloped with a married woman from Melrose, Mass., and was arrested, tried and fined. Then he returned to his own wife, with whom he lived until a few days ago, when he eloped again. This time he chose a maiden, having learned, as he said in a letter to Mrs. Richardson, that there was no law against running off with unmarried females.

THE GAZETTE MUSEUM.

A Collection of Curious Facts, Fancies and Figures, Specially Prepared for Inquisitive Readers.

A VERMONT man's mother-in-law was killed by the cars and he got \$22,000 from the railroad company. A number of New Yorkers are now talking of moving into the Green Mountain State.

Mrs. RUTH, the champion female pistol-shot, hits a nail on the head at forty paces. The result is that while the ladies all admire Dr. Ruth immensely, he can't get up a flirtation to save his neck.

It is estimated that the time wasted by women of the United States in looking under beds for men at night if devoted to work would result, in a year's time, in making over 17,000 pairs of suspenders for the heathen.

THE Maryland Legislature has passed a bill to punish by fine and imprisonment in jail, at the discretion of the court any person who shall by loud or unseemly noises create disturbance in any neighborhood in any city or town, or who shall profanely curse and swear or use obscene language on or near any street or highway within the hearing of any person passing. Should the Governor sign the bill and the law be enforced for swearing, a number of new jails will be required.

WHEN a man in a Vermont grocery store was sitting upon the edge of the counter, and his feet slipped and he raked the whole length of his back on the counter's edge and sat square down in a bushel basket of eggs, which stood right where he couldn't miss it, the grocer was horrified, and exclaimed:—"Was it an accident?" and the victim replied, "Sir, if you insinuate that I skun my back, and got myself into this mess on purpose, I'll jam your head into the remains of those eggs!"

EDWARD S. MAY, of Detroit, was a juror in a case against some tobacco dealers who had defrauded the revenue. He went privately to the residence of the defendants and asked what they would give to secure a disagreement of the jury. They shrewdly told him that he must serve them without pay, or they would expose his dishonesty. He saw that they had him at a disadvantage, and obediently refused to agree with the eleven other jurors on a conviction. But his visit to the defendants came out after all, and he was fined \$100.

THERE is a young man in Red Cliff, a new mining town, who is a surveyor and assayer and has much to do in that line. He also takes in everything else that comes along, including hair-cutting, taking boarders, and publishing the weekly newspaper—a metropolitan sheet—which consists of one written copy, called the *Red Cliff Wasp*, and when it is ready for its readers it is fastened with a strong string to the inside door of the grocery store, so that it can be read in turn by every one in the place. Subscription price 1 cent, if anybody chooses to pay; influence and power immense!

A TRAVELER in the forests of Brazil saw a hairy spider with a body two inches long, and eight legs, measuring seven inches each. It was on a tree trunk beneath a deep crevice, across which was stretched a dense white web. The lower part of the web was broken, and two small flies were entangled in the pieces. One was still alive, but died soon after its rescue. The hairs of these crab spiders come off when touched and cause a maddening irritation. He says he saw the children of an Indian family with one of these monsters secured by a cord, and leading it about the house like a dog. The champion liar is yet to be heard from.

WHEN Henry Lascar, of Lafayette Corners, Pa., returned from a day's hunt he looked as though he had been put through a threshing machine. He went to a panther's den, crawled in, and, drawing a bead on the animal, fired. When he recovered consciousness the panther was tossing him about like a cat does a mouse and with one stroke of her paw she sent him headlong outside the cave. Early in the fight Lascar's rifle was made useless by breaking the nipple. The animal tore his face in shreds. With a hundred wounds on his body and his clothing torn to ribbons, the old man was well-nigh exhausted, when, by an almost superhuman effort, he reached his hunting knife, and, by a well-directed blow, quieted the beast.

WE translate the following from a Mexican paper: Maria Pascuala, an Indian woman, wife of Thomas Antonio, also an Indian, brought to light on the night of the 25th of December six children. The most extraordinary part of the story is that the children are all alive, three boys and three girls. The pueblo of Chocomaun, municipality of Cordova, is the theatre of this rare event. There is a tradition that in the time of the Kings a woman in the city of Mexico gave birth to seven boys, who were declared princes, and this is said to be the origin of the street which bears that name. As we have not those times now, the legislature of Vera Cruz will hasten to declare these boys Generals, which is the highest title in Mexico.—*San Francisco Call.*

THE people of Grimesville, Lehigh county, Pa., just now are greatly exercised over a recent intermarriage in their midst. The parties are named Smith and Snyder. Mr. Smith was a widower, fifty years old. He has a son twenty-four years of age. Mrs. Snyder was a widow, forty-two years old. She has a daughter who is twenty-one years of age. Mr. Smith, son married Mrs. Snyder's daughter. Mr. Smith's son married old Mrs. Snyder. Both families have children. It is contended that the young man is his own grandfather in this wise: Having married the mother he is father to her daughter, and, of course, to the daughter's husband. He is therefore his father's father, and for the same reason the grandfather of his father's son, which he himself is. Hence he is his own grandfather.

"DAISY" DAVIS.

A Fascinating Drummer Discounts Brigham Young, and Goes Him Several Points Better.

THE PRINCE OF BIGAMISTS.

Eight Wives, and the Returns Not All In—A Meeting With the Deluded Fair.

"IT IS THE WOMEN'S FAULT."

[With Portraits.]

CHICAGO, Ill., March 10.—Clarence E. Davis, without doubt the prince of bigamists, was arrested in Albany by Detective Shea, and brought to this city last evening and is at present lodged in jail. Five parts of the country have so far been heard from and each place sends forth the wail of a deluded female who has been captured by his wiles. How many more will testify to his duplicity remains to be seen.

The fellow's unparalleled impudence under the most trying circumstances affords a theme for tea-table conversation throughout the city. He will admit almost everything if he is allowed to reserve to himself the claim of being a Christian gentleman. He does not deny that his wives are numerous; that he has betrayed the trust placed in him by confiding and affectionate young women; but he wants it to be particularly understood that he has done the only thing which a

CHRISTIAN GENTLEMAN COULD DO

in marrying them.

When brought into the station house one of his wives from Detroit was present. She stands No. 3 on the list, and answers to the name of Mattie Davis. She stated her intention to await the arrival of No. 2 from Canada. This victim was expected to arrive on one of the morning trains. The Detroit lady was willing to talk, and she related her story in a frank and pleasant vein. She said she had known Davis for about a year before she married him. They were united in 1871. Davis said he had been married before, but that he was divorced from his wife, at Goshen, Indiana, in 1870. It seems that this statement was true. The couple lived in Toledo for a while, and afterwards in Elkhart, Ind., where the divorced wife of Davis also resided, and the two women met occasionally. For nine years the Toledo woman and Davis lived as man and wife, and he followed the business of traveling agent for different commercial houses. On one of his trips to Canada he must have stopped at the little town of Brantford, where he met Mary Ann and married her. The Detroit woman says their union was a happy one. He was kind to her and never remained away from home for any great length of time. They did not have many luxurious surroundings, she said, but she loved her husband and she was contented and comfortable. The first intimation she ever had of his unfaithfulness was a notification from Albany, N. Y., that her husband was in trouble, and that there was

A WOMAN AT THE BOTTOM OF IT.

She hastened to his employer's establishment at once in order to draw his salary that she might go to him, but she found that he had drawn all the money due him a week before, when he passed through on his way to Albany. Then she was informed by Superintendent of Police McDonnell, of Chicago, that her presence would be required here, and she came on. Here the unhappy woman met the Quincy girl, Miss Lynch, his latest capture. Miss Lynch, by the way, refuses to believe that Davis is the fiend he is painted. She says there must be a mistake about it, and that she was determined to marry him anyhow. In regard to Miss Lynch, the Detroit victim says that she has now in her possession sufficient proof to show that when Davis left Detroit, two weeks ago, for the ostensible purpose of visiting Albany, he went straight to St. Louis, where he met the Quincy girl, and that she (Miss Lynch) and Davis lived together at the Planter's House as man and wife. After this the two came to Chicago and took rooms at the Revere House. After Davis' arrest at Albany, he sent a telegram to the proprietor of the Revere House, asking that gentleman to take good care of his (Davis') wife, and promising to forward money to pay her bills. The love of the Detroit lady has changed to hatred. She loved him with all her heart, she says, but now she will make it as hot for him as she can. A strange feature of this poor woman's case is the fact that she has under her care an infant four months old, the illegitimate child of her husband. The mother of the child is a young girl whom Davis has ruined, and in the magnanimity of her heart his wife has taken the little one to nurse and protect it. She is as fond of the child as if it were her own.

THE MOTHER OF THE BABY

gave it up voluntarily, and her name will be kept out of this scandal if possible. She says the mother is little more than a child herself. Mrs. Mattie Davis, the Detroit victim, denies the charge which Davis makes, that she was once married to a David Snell, of Oshkosh, Wis. Her maiden name was Mattie Vandercook. There is another story connected with the Canadian marriage which changes the above in a few minor particulars, but only serves to illustrate the pernicious conduct of the fellow more clearly. Davis, it seems, left his Canadian wife after she had a child by him, and returned to Elkhart, where he lived with his alleged divorced wife. She had a child by him, and he left her. This woman in 1874 arrived at

Goshen, bringing with her a child, which she said was Davis', and threatened to create a fuss. At that time the Detroit woman received the following entertaining epistle:

"RATHEBURN HOUSE, ELMIRA, N. Y., July 14, 1875.

"MY OWN BELOVED WIFE—I arrived here safe and sound. Found that Stowell has bought of our house just 1,000 more cross-cut, which adds to my order only 3,000, or \$105 to my commission. I received the letter from Johnson. He is all right. I have telegraphed him the following:

"To Col. R. M. Johnson, Goshen, Ind.:

"If Emma is there get boy, or make her swear she can support it. Arrest her for slander against father and for carrying concealed weapons; will stand the cost. Answer Brantford House, and notify further.

C. E. D.

"I guess this will make it hot for her. I will write you what he telegraphs me at New York. Oh, I will make her suffer for this. I am up to snuff, you bet. Will close by saying, Be of good cheer and be happy, with lots of love and bushels of love and forty kisses and a true heart, all from your own true-hearted husband. (Signed) C. E. DAVIS.

"P. S.—I will act on that letter as soon as I get the news from Michigan. CLARENCE E. DAVIS.

It would appear from this that the Detroit woman knew about her husband's connection with his so-called divorced wife, for he speaks plainly about the illegitimate child. The Detroit woman, in the course of her many talks with the newspaper reporters to day, said that the Quincy girl was now wearing underclothing that belonged to her. One more wife of the bigamist Davis arrived in the city this afternoon, making

THE THIRD IN THE CITY.

During the day Davis was brought down from his cell into the room where his three wives were waiting to see him. When Detective Shea ushered him in where the women were seated he appeared as cool as a man would in his own house, and bowed in a sort of collective way to the three. Mrs. Detroit Davis leaned against the wall and covered her face with a handkerchief. The friend of Mrs. Brantford Davis looked at him curiously while the new claimant from Canada took a good gaze and nodded her head triumphantly. "That's him," said she to Shea, then sharply to Davis, who stood without removing his tall hat, "Take off your hat." He did so without moving a muscle of his face or changing color, but your correspondent, standing close at one side, could see the hasty swallow and tightening of the nerves and muscles in the neck, telling of a strong bracing up.

"Don't you know me?" asked Mrs. Brantford Davis.

"Yes, I know you," was the reply.

"Am I not your wife?"

"You lived with me as such."

The other two ladies exchanged glances.

"A little louder if you please. Am I not your wife?" persisted the little one.

"No," went on Davis in an unmoved tone, never taking his steel-gray eyes from his questioner. Then, continuing, "This is not an open court, and I do not wish to be interrogated. I don't deny that I know you, but you are not my wife."

"Haven't you got a son, Clarence?" pushed on the inquisitor.

"I have nothing to say. These questions will be answered, when the time comes, in court," and Davis turned away.

"Well," burst out Shea, "you are the coolest d—n scamp I ever met," and the prisoner was returned upstairs. Mrs. Detroit Davis burst into tears, and the others left her to step into the next apartment for consultation. The poor lady seemed broken-hearted, and assured your correspondent that she could not understand how he could treat her so coldly, not even looking at her, when she had loved him so tenderly, and he had seemed so happy in his home.

At the preliminary examination held on the 11th inst., Davis was held to answer for his marital exploits in the sum of \$8,000. It is thought from what can be gathered of his life, that he has been married to eight different women. He told your correspondent that it was not his fault that he had married so often. The women had charmed him, and he couldn't help it.

A Lively Bridal Tour.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Miss Jennie Horn was just going to "run across the way," and so stepped out bareheaded and with an apron on. But instead of going just across the way, Miss Horn slipped around to the Moravian Church, which she entered by the back door. Her lover, Wm. Collier, and Rev. Mr. Clewell were there before her. The knot was soon tied. Mrs. Jennie flew back home, and with a blush chasing its shadow among her dimples, baked the bread for dinner. This was in the town of Uhrichsville, O., where on the afternoon of the same day, Henry Horn, the bride's brother, chased both bridegroom and bride and preacher down the main street with a shotgun. Mr. and Mrs. Collier left that afternoon on a bridal trip, Mrs. Collier still being bareheaded.

A Very Frisky Place.

Annapolis, Md., has had a surfeit of sensations recently. The arrest of Postmaster Bigelow on the charge of being concerned in the recent post-office robbery is the climax of a series of sensational episodes. Recently Benjamin W. Paine, a well-known coal-dealer, eloped with Delphina Small, wife of S. W. Small, a plumber. Paine has been a widower one year, and leaves behind him one child. He is a connection by marriage of Postmaster Bigelow. A second elopement occurred last Friday, when Mathias McCahie, a single man and carpenter at the naval academy, ran off with Miss Annie Coulbourn, a young lady well known there. Early this week the Rev. Charles W. Jacobs, a colored minister, eloped with Mrs. Matilda Carroll, colored. The sable dame leaves behind a husband and three children.

A MYSTERIOUS CRIME.

Probable Solution of a Puzzle Which Has Baffled the Detectives—What Two Agents Heard and Saw.

ALLENTOWN, Pa., March 12.—Probably no crime committed in Lehigh county ever created so great an excitement at the time of its commission and was so soon forgotten as was the murder of Mrs. Joseph Schneck, the wife of a wealthy old farmer, residing about twelve miles from this city. The murder was committed on the afternoon of Friday, November 20, 1875. The crime is now recalled because of rumors of an important nature afloat. The husband, Joseph Schneck, left the house about 11 o'clock on the day of the murder, to attend the sale of property belonging to his deceased brother, who lived at Schnecksville, several miles distant, and returned home at a little after dark. He expected to find his wife about her duties in the house, and was surprised to see no light. He got out of his wagon and approaching the house called his wife by name, but seeing no signs of anybody about and receiving no response he went to the barn, and there, thinking that something must be wrong about the house, he hid his pocketbook, containing a large sum of money, in some straw. Then he went back to the house and opened the kitchen door, groping his way carefully inside and came upon something lying on the floor, over which he came near falling. Reaching down he caught hold of a cold hand, and his fears overcoming him, instead of finding a light, he ran out of the house to a neighbor's house, where he related what he had found at home and stated his suspicions of foul play.

MAKING THE DISCOVERY.

A party of neighbors was hastily summoned, and in a few minutes reached Schneck's house. On the floor lay the body of Mrs. Schneck, near a churn, at which from the condition of its contents, it is supposed she had been at work when the murderer struck her. The ghastly face was upturned, the floor of the room was sprinkled with blood, which was spattered on the walls, and the blood also lay in thick pools near the head. The cheek-bone and nose were mashed in and the lower jaw fractured. The face was a shapeless mass and terribly mangled, proving that the blows had all been heavy. There were also slight bruises on the right shoulder and arm. While some of the men examined the body others went into an adjoining room, where they found a desk broken open, likewise the drawers, and the contents scattered promiscuously about. A jury of inquest was empaneled and a verdict rendered that the deceased came to her death at the hands of a person or persons unknown. At the time of the murder Joseph Schneck lived in a small stone house, two stories high, with two rooms on the first floor. He had the reputation of being very wealthy, but never was in the habit of showing his means by his manner of living. He was not believed to have kept much money in the house. A coffee-pot which Mrs. Schneck used as a receptacle for money, and supposed to have contained several dollars, was found empty, and this was about all the booty the murderer got. Mr. Schneck had about \$500 in silver hid away in the barn, but of that his wife was not aware, and her murderer did not get it.

SEEKING FOR THE MURDERER.

At the inquest held next morning no neighbors could be found who could testify to having seen anybody go into Schneck's house on the afternoon of the murder, and the affair to this day has been shrouded in mystery, which, despite frequent efforts of detectives and officers of the law, has baffled solution. The morning after the murder there was, of course, a large gathering of neighbors at the house and a thorough search of the premises was made. In looking under a porch, at the side of the house, Dr. Kern found an axe, and its condition proved that it had done some bloody work. The blade had been washed perfectly clean, but the handle was smeared with blood that had, apparently, been only a few hours drying. This was the only evidence of murder found outside of the house.

Mr. Schneck offered a reward of \$1,000 for the detection and apprehension of the person or persons guilty, and this reward stimulated considerable activity on the part of the detectives. Two days after the commission of the crime Detectives Levy, of Philadelphia; Tilley, of New York; Gift, of Allentown, and Johnson, of Easton, were busily working up clues and alleged clues in the case. A young man named Kressley was arrested, but the evidence did not fasten the crime on him, although there were suspicious circumstances to connect him with the murder. Ten days after the murder old man Schneck himself was arrested at the instance of a man named Heath, living at Penn Haven Junction. He entered bail in the sum of \$5,000 for a hearing two days later. On the day appointed for the hearing Heath failed to appear and Schneck was discharged. After this the interest in the affair gradually died out, and it was only now and then in the last two years that the matter was spoken about.

During the past few days the interest in the crime has been revived by the circulation of

RUMORS OF A STARTLING NATURE,

and if what is asserted is proved to be true the mystery that has so long enshrouded the case will be cleared. A few nights ago a traveling agent while stopping at a hotel in Slatington was told about the murder, which was the topic of conversation in the bar room. Last Saturday the agent drove to Schnecksville, and at a hotel there the crime was recalled and discussed. The agent seemed to take a lively interest in the case and intimated that he knew considerable about it. During the afternoon he was driven in the direction of Schneck's house, and as he approached it he said he recognized the place, and pointing at the porch at the side of the house, said he saw a man on the day of the murder hide an axe under it. He said that he and another traveling agent while driving past the house in November, 1875,

heard some person screaming as though in great terror and pain, and subsequently saw a man coming out of the house with an axe, which he hid under the porch. The agent said that his companion is now in Michigan and that they both had not been in this part of Pennsylvania since November, 1875. He felt sure he could identify the man who carried the axe, and said he would write to the other agent to come along and that he, too, could swear to the identity of the man with the axe. The arrival of the agent is eagerly awaited and there are those who are confident that the murder will be unraveled by the developments promised.

MARY'S FEARFUL NIGHT.

A Domestic Tells a Very Hard Tale of a Reverend Lecher's Ugly Actions.

CHICAGO, March 14.—The Times publishes a special from Delavan, Ill., an abstract of which is as follows: Some ten days ago a young girl residing near Mason City, Mason county, Ill., fifteen miles southwest of this little prairie city, took the train and proceeded to Peoria. On her arrival there she sought and obtained an interview with the Rt. Rev. J. L. Spaulding, Catholic bishop of this diocese. Emerging from the presence of the distinguished prelate, she departed from the city as quietly as she had entered it.

Returning to her rural home, the girl at once sought her aged mother, and in the privacy of her chamber confided a secret.

The next recital was in the office of the state's attorney of Mason county, and the story was the same as that which had brought profound sorrow to the bishop and horror, indignation and grief to the mother.

The girl again visited Peoria, and again had audience with the bishop, but on this occasion there was a third party present. The third person was Father Thomas Duggan, the parish priest residing at Delavan, but whose pastoral jurisdiction also includes Mason City, he officiating at each place on alternate Sundays. These three persons constituted a court of the simplest form. The bishop was the judge; the girl was the plaintiff and accuser, and the priest was the defendant. The girl's story is substantially as follows: Her name is Mary McCabe. She is nineteen years of age, and the daughter of Irish Catholic parents who own and reside on a small farm some four miles east of Mason City. In November last, Father Duggan having expressed a desire to engage the services of a housekeeper,

A LADY MEMBER OF HIS CHURCH

at Mason City recommended Mary McCabe. She was sent for and engaged to go to Delavan and take charge of the father's residence. It was the Tuesday before Thanksgiving that she was installed in her new position. Everything went pleasantly enough that day, and the next, but on Wednesday night, as is alleged, transpired the event that is just now convulsing the diocese. Mary, according to her statement, was sitting in the little parlor engaged in some trifling feminine occupation, when the father entered and jocularly saluted her with a kiss.

She was somewhat surprised at this familiarity on the part of a priest, but having been schooled from infancy to regard the Catholic clergy as the embodiment of purity, she passed the osculatory freak by as a bit of innocent pleasantry. This, as the sequel shows, was a fatal error. Encouraged by the reception his first advances had met, Father Duggan presently renewed the familiarity, and with gradually increasing warmth. It was not, however, until he began to take liberties with her person that she became fully aware of his intentions. The terrible truth came to her like a revelation. The man of God, in whom she had such implicit confidence that she had left home, and parents, and brothers and sisters, to serve him in a capacity that placed her entirely at his mercy, was

READY TO BETRAY HER.

Almost before her suspicions had taken definite form they were rendered useless and common-place by a passionate avowal by the priest of his guilty intentions. Horrified by the situation, the girl, at first knew not what to do. She was alone, at the dead hour of night, in a house remote from all others, and at the mercy of a strong man crazed by passion. Snatching the lamp in her hand she ran frantically to her room, thinking that behind its locks and bolts she would at least have temporary immunity, and could there hit upon some means of escape, or, if the worst came, of defense. False hope! The closing door was hurried violently back by the pursuing priest before the lock could be sprung; opposition had maddened him to frenzy; he seized the frail child in his arms, threw her upon the bed, stifled her cries for aid, and all was over! Then, stealthily as the burglar deserting the house he has rifled of its jewels, did this despoiler of virtue abandon the scene of his foul wrong, hiding himself in the darkness of his own chamber.

When a man who has taken the holy vows of celibacy

GIVES WAY TO UNHOLY LUST

it would be natural to expect that remorse should lash him to the verge of despair. With Father Duggan this was not the case, if Mary McCabe speaks truly, for she swears that a few hours later, on that very night, he again burst into her room, and, despite her protestations and entreaties, renewed the outrage. Then she was left alone.

As soon as daylight came Mary hurriedly dressed herself and prepared to leave that house of horror. As she glided noiselessly through the parlor, fearful lest her intentions, having been anticipated, might be frustrated, a note lying on the table, addressed to her, caught her eye, and she glanced at its contents sufficiently to see that it was from the priest, peremptorily dismissing her from his service. She knew by this that he had determined to cover his own crime by branding her as a scarlet woman. She then resolved to tell all to the Bishop. Father Duggan denied the charges and the case, at last accounts, was in the hands of the Bishop.



A TRINITY OF LECHEROUS OLD RASCALS, OF JACKSON, MICH., INDULGE THEIR PECULIAR TASTES IN A SHAMEFUL WAY, (AND SCANDALIZE THE COMMUNITY WITH ACTS WHICH WOULD SHAME THE VERIEST BAWD.—SEE PAGE 3.



A LIVELY BRIDAL TRIP—AN INDIGNANT BROTHER CHASES HIS SISTER AND NEW-MADE BROTHER-IN-LAW, AND THE PARSON, THROUGH THE STREETS WITH A SHOT-GUN; UHRICHVILLE, O.—SEE PAGE 7.



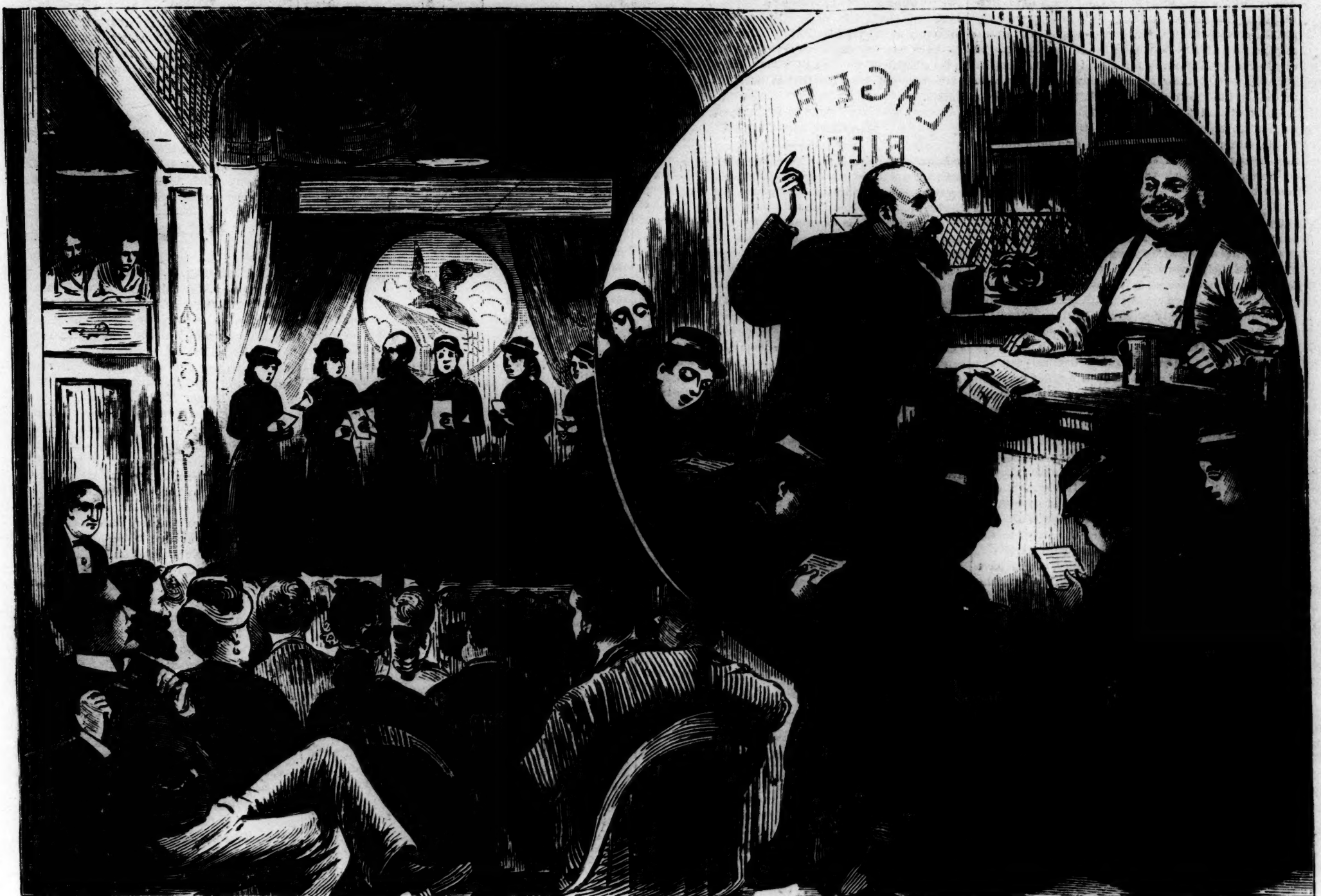
A NEW WAY TO SHUFFLE OUT OF EXISTENCE—A DRUNKEN TAILOR DISPUTES THE RIGHT OF WAY WITH A TRAIN OF CARS, AND IS KILLED FOR HIS IMPUDENCE; LEROY, ILL.—SEE PAGE 3.



RAIDING THE SINNERS—A PARTY OF CHICAGO DETECTIVES SURPRISE SEVERAL MALE AND FEMALE REPRESENTATIVES OF THAT CITY'S ELITE IN MADAME BLOOM'S FASHIONABLE BAGNIO, AND CAPTURE THE LOT WHILE IN THE MIDST OF THEIR WICKED PLEASURES.—SEE PAGE 3.



JUDGE LYNCH'S COURT—A WESTERN DRAMA WHICH PROVES TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION—HOW A HANDSOME STRANGER AVENGED A CRUEL WRONG, AND ESCAPED THE GALLOW'S TREE BY A PLEA THAT PROVED THE JUSTICE OF THE DEED—"I'LL BLOW THE HOLY DELIGHTS OUT OF THE FUST CROOKED SON OF A GUN THAT LAYS A HAN' ON HER—LET'S LIQUOR."—SEE PAGE 6.



WAR ON THE DEVIL—ENGLAND'S "SALVATION ARMY" OPEN THEIR CAMPAIGN ON HIS SATANIC MAJESTY AT HARRY HILL'S VARIETY THEATRE, AND ASSAULT THE RAMPARTS OF SIN WITH A BROADSIDE OF PSALMS AND PRAYERS—WRESTLING WITH A GERMAN BIER SELLER—SCENES DURING THE ATTACK.—[SKETCHED BY SPECIAL GAZETTE ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 10.]

ABDUCTING "HAPPY JACK."

A Clever Capture by St. Louis Detectives of a Notorious Character—How a Long "Shadow" Was Brought to a Successful Close.

LEADVILLE, Col., March 15.—Some of the most daring, shrewd and successful detective work ever carried on in the country was accomplished in this city during the present week. The officers were among the bravest and shrewdest of Chief McDonough's detective force of St. Louis, being none other than the noted Page and O'Neil, and the history of crime which has for the past twenty years enveloped the life and character of their distinguished prisoner would make a thrilling and romantic volume, if all told, for Jackson L. Brown, better known all over Missouri and Southern Illinois as "Happy Jack," has been guilty, at one time and another, of all the misdeeds known to the calendar of crime.

Before recounting any of the former operations of "Happy Jack," it may be interesting to know with what superb cleverness the entire affair was managed on the part of the wily detectives. They came here armed with no requisition or other legal papers, and the arrest of the man and the taking him back to St. Louis must needs take the form of an abduction. It was therefore necessary that the utmost caution be taken from first to last. It is known only to detective lore by what manner of means Page and O'Neil had tracked their man to Leadville so quickly after his escape from the Mound City, the scene of

HIS LAST CRIMINAL EXPLOIT.

but they were not long in dropping on his whereabouts. Some eight days ago Page and O'Neil alighted from the evening stage just as it had reached the suburbs of the city and quietly walked into town, as their consummate caution told them that the coach arrivals might be watched and their presence in the city become known to the wary bird whose wings they were seeking to imprison. Going to different and somewhat obscure hotels, they each registered an assumed name, and immediately sought out a former St. Louis newspaper reporter, now in the city, with whom they were acquainted. They met him that evening and obtained the lay of the town and a mental diagram of the different dives and resorts which would be most likely frequented by the object of their pursuit. They were little on the streets in the daytime, and during their nightly inspection of the different crowds which so regularly congregate at the various dance halls, variety theatres and gambling saloons they were sufficiently disguised to prevent their identity being discovered by the most intimate acquaintances. Taking a private box at the Grand Central one night, they would order the festive cork to be pulled as often as any one, and indulge in all the delectable debauchery of that temple of the goddesses, but at the same time their keen eyes were taking a photograph of every man who entered the building. Another night, separating, they would make a tour of the dance halls and bagnios of the city, ever on the alert for the, to them, familiar countenance of their game. Sometimes they were dressed in the brown duck of the miner, and at others nobbly attired in the latest style. A well-worn soldier's overcoat would cover O'Neil in a dance house, while the next hour would find him under a neat-fitting ulster at the Chestnut Street Theatre, watching like a hawk that with beak sharpened is ready to

SWOOP DOWN ON ITS PREY.

Thus night after night passed without being attended with success, and if Happy Jack was then in the city, he managed to keep shady or vanish into thin air in their presence; and it was not until about midnight of night before last that their constant and persistent vigils were crowned with success. At this hour the two detectives were about to enter the Bon Ton Dance Hall, when Happy Jack suddenly came through the door upon the sidewalk and fairly walked into the very arms of his enemies. He was recognized at first glance, but until each of his arms were seized by his captors and the muzzles of two revolvers looked him full in the face, he did not realize that he had been brought to bay by the two bloodhounds of the St. Louis detective force. "Happy Jack" is naturally a coward, but a more courageous man than he would have "weakened" under the circumstances, and when commanded to silence and to quietly accompany the detectives, he did so without a murmur, and was led down the middle of State street, Harrison avenue and Chestnut street to the hotel. An hour later a livery team, with its driver, the two detectives and their prisoner, might have been seen dashing out of town in the direction of the Weston Pass and the Denver and South Park Railroad track. Page and O'Neil had captured their game and were losing no time in spiriting him away from the possibilities of a legal formula in our courts and the risk of an eventual balk of their mission. It is safe to say that not an officer in the city of Leadville, and but three of our citizens, have known or dreamed, up to the time of reading this article, of the presence of the two detectives or the capture and abduction of one of the most

NOTED BANK-ROBBERS AND BURGLARS

that ever disgraced the prairie states. It was one of the "slickest," most adroit and cunningly managed detective maneuvers that we have ever been made acquainted with, and is fully in keeping with the consummate strategy always used by Chief McDonough's band. The crime to answer which "Happy Jack" has been taken back to St. Louis, is the "cracking" of a diamond broker's establishment in that city. His accomplices and himself are said to have gotten away with \$20,000 worth of fine gems and jewelry, and in their escape to have mortally wounded a patrolman of the St. Louis force. The accomplices, three in number, were captured soon after the robbery, and Jack and his pals will probably pound rock together for a few of the coming years in the Missouri penitentiary as a result of their inordinate taste for glittering carbon. Steeped to the very lips in crime, and having served terms in the penitentiaries of three states, Jack's fate will be but a return to familiar cells. Not a few who frequent the places of amusement mentioned may recognize Happy Jack in the portrait we draw. He was about six feet in height, slenderly built, and with more than unusually dark and swarthy complexion. His eyes, hair and moustache were as dark as coal—the former small and piercing and the latter very heavy, thick and long. A scar on the right cheek, just under the eye, an old knife cut received in a bar-room fight in Peoria, Ill., over twenty years ago, placed his identity beyond concealment. He is now a man nearly or quite forty-five years of age, and wears an almost continual smiling expression on his handsome face. It is this peculiarity that gave him the name of "Happy Jack."

War On The Devil.

(Subject of Illustration.)

The "Salvation Army" made its first formal appearance in New York city on Sunday night, March 15th, in the highly sanctified atmosphere of Harry Hill's Variety Hall, corner of Houston and Crosby streets. Early in the evening a large crowd of habitués of the place assembled and manifested great curiosity to know exactly what this unusual proceeding meant. Many of them declared that they believed that it was only an advertising dodge of Harry's, but their doubts were somewhat shaken, when several ladies connected with the different missions filed in and took possession of the front seats. A number of clerical-looking persons were also present, and appeared decidedly uncomfortable in their unusual surroundings.

It had been advertised that the Army would "attract" the legions of the devil, and it certainly did, for the hall was completely filled. The "attract," however, was a typographical error for "attack." Nevertheless, if the aggressive intention of the Army had been known the audience would probably have been no smaller, for it was composed of men and women, barring the clerical individuals and the mission ladies, who rely greatly on the protection afforded by that other "Harry" whom they serve. Several well-known warriors of the prize ring were on hand and paid strict attention to the services.

Promptly at 6:30 o'clock the "Salvation Army" made its appearance upon the stage. From the title of the band it was expected that it would be represented by a large number of persons. A ripple of surprise, therefore, ran through the audience when only seven persons came in view. The Army consisted of General George Scott Ballton, Sister Captain Emma Westbrook, Sister Lieutenant Emma Elizabeth Florence Morris, Sister Lieutenant Alice Coleman, Sister Lieutenant Elizabeth Pierson and Sister Lieutenant Ann Shaw.

After the general had made his attack, he was followed by each of his aids with prayer and song. Everything was listened to in the most orderly manner, no applause being bestowed except when Harry took the stage and made a little speech. After the exercises were over his satanic majesty was allowed to have his say, and it was evident that he had not been conquered by the "Salvation Army," as his subjects responded as merrily as ever to his bibulous edicts.

Shooting the Mayor.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., March 13.—This afternoon a bold attempt was made to assassinate Mayor John G. Baxter by Samuel Redd, formerly overseer of street-sweepers. Several days ago Redd was discharged on account of drunkenness. This morning he asked to be reinstated, but the Mayor said he could do nothing for him, as he was not reliable. About 3 o'clock, as the Mayor was returning from dinner, he met Redd on Third street, near Walnut. Redd accosted him, and raised his hand as if to shake. When the Mayor stretched his hand out Redd drew a pistol and leveled it at Baxter's breast. He made some remark about family troubles, and about "taking the bread from his children's mouths" and then fired, but missed his mark, although but three feet apart. He then started to cock the pistol for a second shot, when Mat. Deering, a newspaper carrier, caught the pistol and wrenched it from his hand. As soon as Baxter could quiet his excitement he asked Redd why he had shot at him. He replied, with an oath, "You've discharged me." The would-be assassin then walked down the street to a saloon where he was arrested. The affair created considerable excitement, as it is one of the most startling attempts at assassination that has ever occurred in this city. Mayor Baxter is to be congratulated upon his miraculous escape from death. The pistol was within a few inches of the Mayor's left side when fired. No damage was done further than to scorch the coat and vest.

A Mild Sentence.

(With Portraits.)

One of the most brutal murders on record was that perpetrated by Joseph Bolduc. His victim, Jas. J. Norris, was employed as overseer and paymaster at the mills in Bradley, Me. He had just left the office in the evening, when Bolduc, who was lying in wait, struck him on the head with an ax, nearly severing Norris' head from his body. After his victim fell to the sidewalk, Bolduc took the keys of the establishment from his pocket, entered the place, and robbed the safes of between three and four hundred dollars. On the following day he was arrested by Marshal Frank Reed, of Bangor, and despite the able efforts of his counsel, Otis Gilmore, was convicted and sentenced to state prison for life. Bolduc is only twenty-three years of age. He says that he had no intention of committing the murder, and cannot tell what led him to do it. In his confession he claims that he had no control over his actions, his natural bent from the first being bad. The deceased was a man universally respected, and public opinion is that his murderer should have been hung.

HAPS AND MISHAPS.

A MINER named Levison Mayor was killed at Brazil, Ind., by a passenger en ine. He was disemboweled and his body cut to pieces.

OXFORD, N. C., March 13.—To-day three sons of Mr. Samuel Williams were playing with a pistol, which accidentally went off. The ball entered the skull of John, killing him instantly.

At Middleport, Ohio, while Andrew Hutt was attempting to turn his horses after unloading a load of coal on a barge, they became unruly and plunged over the bank wall into the river and were drowned.

SATURDAY H. R. CLINE, of Castown, Ohio, went to the woods with his team to cut a tree, and hitched his horses a short distance away, cut the tree, but it fell the wrong way, falling upon the horses and killing them.

The residence of Mr. Richard Johnson, a farmer, near Dennison, Crawford county, Iowa, was burned March 13, and two daughters perished in the flames. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson and seven other children had a narrow escape.

The residence of Mr. Frank Griswold, at South Nyack, N. Y., was set on fire by the overturning of a kerosene lamp, and before assistance could be rendered the building was entirely destroyed. A three-year-old daughter of Mr. Griswold perished in the flames.

A MINER named William Davenport was fatally injured at the Diamond Coal Mines, near Wellsville, O., on Wednesday. While digging coal, a large lamp, weighing 400 pounds, loosened and fell, striking him on the chest, crushing him in a terrible manner. The physicians declare there is no possibility of his recovery.

JOSEPH PUTNEY, a mail carrier, died March 16, at West Rumney, N. H., from the effects of injuries sustained last week. It was surmised then that Putney had been kicked in the head by a horse, but subsequent developments prove that he was assaulted by some heavy instrument. Detectives are working up the case.

P. F. BENSON, one of the proprietors of the Grand Central Hotel, Oakland, Cal., and H. Hurzet, porter, have been arrested on the charge of purloining valuables belonging to the guests during the fire which destroyed the building on Tuesday morning. It has been shown that the fire was incendiary and that plunder was part of the programme.

SPRINGFIELD's brigade of one-legged and legless boys has received another addition. A boy named Abraham McCullough, aged thirteen years, son of Edward McCullough, a miner at the North Springfield, Ill., coal shaft, attempted to jump on a passing freight train on the Chicago and Alton railroad, lost his hold and was thrown under the train. One of his legs was so badly injured that it had to be amputated.

GALENA, Ill., March 14.—W. T. Gear, ex-supervisor of the town of Guilford, in this county, and one of Galena's most prominent and respected citizens, was thrown from the top of a load of hay yesterday afternoon, and fatally injured, the fall producing a fracture of the base of the skull. Mr. Gear has been a resident of this county fifty-four years, and is a brother of the wife of the Rev. Frederick Thearle, of Englewood, and own cousin of Gov. Gear, of Iowa.

THE west-bound passenger train (No. 5) on the O. and M. Railway on the morning of the 13th, struck a man named James Tool, of Odin, Ill., who was sitting on a tie asleep, a mile east of Sandoval, Ill., knocking him ten feet into a ditch, fortunately breaking but one of his ribs. Tool was evidently under the influence of liquor, and started to walk to Odin, four miles east. Becoming drowsy, he sat down on a tie, and came near sleeping the sleep that knows no waking.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 13.—A Victoria dispatch says the express brings deplorable news from the upper country. Cattle, sheep, horses and pack-trains are dying with great rapidity. All through Nicola, Kamloops, Okanagan and Lillovet the destruction of stock is going on. Nearly all livestock will perish before spring. The loss is estimated roughly at \$2,000,000. Scores of stock-raisers will be reduced from affluence to poverty. Snow lies from three to five feet in depth, and gives no evidence of thaw.

RED BANK, N. J., March 15.—Recently, George Van Schoick, a man in good circumstances, and a citizen of this place, put his wife away from him. Last night the wife, with her infant, applied for shelter at the house of Van Schoick's father, where her husband was staying. She was refused admittance, and later, by authority of the town marshal, shelter was afforded the woman and her baby. Soon afterward Mrs. Van Schoick attempted to commit suicide with a revolver, but was prevented. The unfortunate woman was then cared for by the police.

BELLAIRE, Ohio, March 14.—Last night ten young men from Benwood took a skiff to come to this side of the river to attend the women's walking-match. After starting, two of them seeing that the skiff was overloaded, insisted on returning, but the other eight persisted. About the middle of the river the boat sank. The tow-boat Gilmore happened to be passing, and managed to save all but two, John Gaitley and Pat Nolan, who were afterward picked up by a boat from the shore in an insensible condition. They had stripped themselves and attempted to swim out, but became exhausted.

FALL RIVER, Mass., March 15.—As James Brooks, occupying a tenement in one of the King Philip mill houses, was playing Thursday with his baby, which was seated in a high chair at the table on which lay a sharp knife, the child picked up the knife and the mother sprang to take it from the babe. The latter resisted, and the mother pulled so hard that, when she wrenched the knife away, it was driven into one of her husband's nostrils, who stood over the mother

and child, and penetrated upward nearly to the bridge of the nose. The wound bled very profusely, and the man is very low from the great loss of blood.

A MAN, supposed to be Charles Simmers, of St. Louis, was found dead on the railroad track, near Trenton, N. J., on the 15th inst., with his skull crushed in to a depth of about two inches. He was dressed in brakeman's clothes, and it is surmised that he fell from a cattle train and was then run over. In his possession were found letters from his brother in St. Louis, asking him to return home, and also papers on which were marked the route from New York to the former city. It is believed that he was in charge of cattle at the time of the supposed accident. He seemed to be about twenty-eight years old, and was heavily built.

JOHN RILEY and his wife, Jane, were found dead on the morning of the 15th inst., in a room over a stable in the rear of the residence of Mr. Ben Holliday, on K street, between Thirteenth and Fourteenth streets, Washington, D. C. When found, the body of Riley was lying at full length on the bed, and that of his wife beside the bed, the head resting on it, the right knee bent and the left leg extended in front with the chair tilted over on her back. There were no evidences of violence or poison, but it is supposed they took poison outside and that the man quietly laid down for it to do its work, while the woman was evidently in the act of undressing when it took effect. Riley came here from New York in 1861, and was subsequently employed by Lord Lyons as a coachman, and remained in his employ until that gentleman was recalled. He had been employed for some time past by Mr. Holliday as a laborer and stableman.

A Dangerous City.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., March 19.—This city seems overrun with confidence men. A few days ago a gentleman connected with the army and recently from Campo, Cal., was hailed upon the street by a young man who approached him in breathless haste, seized both his hands with a friendly grip, exclaiming: "I am so glad you have arrived. I am Mr. — who telegraphed you last Friday, and you—"

"My friend, you are mistaken," said the army man. "I am lately from Campo, Cal., and my name is—"

"I beg your pardon, sir, I thought you were a Mr. —," and the oily individual hurried on.

A few moments afterward another of the brazen stripe with greasy locks collided in a friendly manner with the man of Mars, took his hand, and said: "Col. —, I am glad to see you; how did you leave the boys at Campo?"

But the man was too cordial altogether, and the soldier soon understood the situation and began to get angry. The stranger seeing his intended victim was "on" begged to be excused for a moment and was seen no more. The soldier had but one alternative. He sought the office of a friend and there inquired if there was anything in his appearance to indicate that he was a "sucker." He was told he possessed a bucolic air, whereupon he shot through the office door and was absent about a half hour. On his return there was a smile in every feature of his countenance, and as he sank into a chair, the joyous exclamation was heard, "I have ordered the best suit of clothes in St. Louis to fortify myself against bunko solicitors."

His experience was then related to his friend, spiced with numerous epithets expressive of disgust and indignation at the thought that men skilled in the handling of verdant subjects should single him out among a half million souls and attempt to make him a victim of the stale game of confidence.

"Nothing to Wear."

ELIZABETH CITY, N. C., March 12.—The neighborhood is in a state of great social excitement over the sensational elopement and marriage of a gushing young couple of this city last night. Jonathan Ivy has for some time been courting the handsome daughter of a respected and well-to-do citizen. The young girl's name was Florence Seymark. Her parents did not approve young Ivy's advances, and finally forbade him their house. The lovers, however, managed to meet clandestinely, and had made up their minds to an elopement which was to have occurred to-night. O'd man Seymark, by some means or other, got wind of the proposed escapade and went gunning yesterday for Jonathan. Coming up with the gay young lover, he blazed away at him, shooting him in the shoulder and inflicting a painful but not dangerous wound. Florence was overwhelmed with grief by her father's hasty conduct, but her passion for her wounded lover was intensified a thousand fold. She sent him a letter, telling him she would fly with him that night if he would come for her. So last night young Ivy put in an appearance with a close carriage about 10 o'clock. Miss Florence was in a terrible dilemma, for her cruel parents, to insure against any escapade, had not only locked the girl into her room, but had also taken away every stitch of her clothing. But she was not to be baffled. She made a rope out of the sheets of her bed and let herself down to the ground with no other garment but a night dress covering her blooming charms. She told the coachman to "look the other way," and, after her lover had helped her into the carriage and covered up her shivering form with the carriage robes, she made him sit on the box with the coachman. They drove to the house of a friend, where Florence was attired in proper garments, and then proceeded to the house of a sympathizing preacher, some distance from town, where the lovers were speedily united in wedlock.

Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson, the philanthropist, in a curious tract compares the relative cost of religion, living, education, rum and tobacco. Rum cost the country yearly \$667,638,502; religion, \$48,686,450; and education \$95,406,727. Rum, she says, costs each person \$17 a year, whether they drink it or not. The question naturally arises, Why not drink it then?

SIN'S HOWLING BLIZZARD

A Fiend of the Blackest Dye Repays the Hospitality of a Kind Family by Murdering the Lot While They Are Asleep.

A FRATERNAL STABBING FRAGAS.

A Drunken Husband Kills His Wife, and Then Fills in With More Fire-Water to Celebrate the Event.

MRS. MEIERHOFFER FREES HER MIND.

A Gay Lothario is Captured and Brought Back to the Scene of His Wicked Capers.

THE BLOODY SIXTH AND FOURTH.

SKULL-CRUSHING.

MONTEREY, Ky., March 15.—J. Wm. Wise crushed M. J. Pearson's skull with a stone this evening during a quarrel about tobacco sticks. Pearson died within an hour, and Wise escaped. The dead man leaves a wife and small children.

ASSAULT AND BURGLARY.

MECHANICSVILLE, N. J., March 15.—Two men entered the house of Mrs. Julia Keeler last night, and after outrageously assaulting her, beat her unmercifully, and carried away a number of articles. The crime is attributed to tramps. No arrests have been made.

A MURDERESS CONFESSES.

NEWARK, N. J., March 16.—Mrs. Meierhoffer has actually made a confession to her spiritual adviser, Mr. Kearns, acknowledging to having committed the murder of her husband. She fired the shot. She and Frank Lammens are awaiting execution for the murder.

TURNING THE TABLES.

Two officers, having a negro thief and fire-bug in custody, fell asleep while waiting for a train at Decatur, Ind. The darky improved the opportunity by seizing a gun and commanding his guards to emigrate. One left without delay, but the other tarried and was shot dead.

A DARING CROOK.

CLEVELAND, O., March 14.—Edward E. Jones, arrested in Chicago and taken to Mansfield, O., on a charge of forgery, on a Friday night, escaped by letting himself from the fourth story of the hotel where he was in custody. It is supposed he had \$23,000 of forged notes in his possession.

ACQUITTED.

Stephen J. Moore, who killed his brother-in-law in Audrain county, Mo., and who recently got a change of venue to Pike county, was on Saturday cleared at Bowling Green, the jury being out only fifteen minutes. He was confined in jail twenty-one months, had been tried by jury twice, and once found guilty of murder in the first degree.

BLOCKED HIS GAME.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., March 16.—Last night, near Senatobia, Miss., forty miles south of this city, Calvin Roberts, colored, was shot by City Marshal Lane while placing obstructions on the track of the Mississippi and Tennessee railroad. Within the last three years several attempts have been made to wreck trains at that point. Nine buckshot struck Roberts, but he will recover.

A FAMILY FEUD.

MACON, Ga., March 14.—James Roberts yesterday shot his cousin Sal Roberts dead, the cause was an old family feud. James was arrested. In 1858 Sal's father, Jackson, killed his own brother and was sentenced for life, but was pardoned out. Yesterday Jackson and his brother William had some difficulty and he drew a pistol. He was arrested. The Roberts' are all well to do farmers.

SHOT DEAD BY THIEVES.

WESLEY, WASHINGTON CO., Tex., March 14.—Martin Marek, a German farmer living near here, hearing a noise on his premises at night, went out to seek the cause. His dogs were barking. Hearing somebody in a crib he went to investigate. As he got to the door he was fired on and shot dead in his tracks by thieves who were stealing corn. A clew has been obtained to the assassins, but no arrests have been made.

LAST ACT IN THE CONSPIRACY.

TRENTON, N. J., March 16.—In the United States district court, to-day, the conspirators in the Lewis will case were sentenced as follows: Mark Sacia and Frank Ward Allison each to two years in state prison, and to pay \$10,000 fine. Bradford and Bassford were each sentenced to one year in the state prison and to pay \$1,000 fine. The sentence of Dr. Parks was postponed for a few days. The mythical widow Lewis was too ill to be in court.

FOUKE, THE BIGAMIST.

CLINTON, Ill., March 13.—The notorious bigamist, G. F. Fouke, who married Mrs. Ida Savage, of this city, some fourteen months ago, and suddenly left her while on a visit to Bloomington, Ill., will be tried next week in the McLean county circuit court. His numerous wives will testify against him. He is booked for a long term in the state prison, as he is guilty of several crimes beside bigamy. If he escapes in Bloomington he will brought back here for trial.

RELEASED FROM SING SING.

SING SING, N. Y., March 15.—John W. McDermott, a convict, committed suicide at the prison this morning by placing his head and shoulders into the mess-room furnace. He was sent to the prison December 15, 1873, by Judge Daniels, for life, for the killing of his wife, Maria, in New York, on April 13, 1873. He was called "Praying John," on account of his religious behavior since he has been at the prison. He was 44 years of age, and is not known to have any relatives.

A GOOD IMITATOR.

PROVIDENCE, March 16.—William J. Hilton, formerly superintendent of the Providence and Worcester Railroad, confesses that he issued forged paper to the amount of \$80,000, purporting to be indorsed by William S. Slater and Lyman A. Cook. The operations have been going on for two years or more. Messrs. Slater and Cook advertise for holders of paper indorsed by them, or either of them, to present such paper for inspection, as some genuine indorsements are out.

ARREST OF A BIGAMIST.

Henry Meyers, city marshal of Newton, Kansas, arrested C. F. Barnes, a prominent lawyer and broker in that city, on a warrant sworn out by Mrs. Basom for bigamy. She charges that he deserted her and left her wholly destitute, and then married Miss Stage, of Zanesville, Ohio, with whom he has been living until discovered by wife No. 1. The arrest reflects great credit on Marshal Meyers, who has worked up the case, and accomplished the arrest only by the greatest perseverance.

A BROTHERLY BEATING.

HAVERHILL, N. H., March 15.—Two brothers named Howland, from Newbury, Vt., made a fearful assault upon Fred, McIntire, of Haverhill, at North Haverhill village, Saturday night. They pounded him severely and finally used their knife upon him, cutting his clothes badly, but not injuring him. McIntire was forced to use his knife and stabbed one of the Howlands several times, severely, so that physicians consider his recovery doubtful. McIntire is a young man of good reputation.

A BIG HAUL.

CHICAGO, March 15.—The police have captured an extensive gang of railroad freight car robbers, whose depredations within the last two months have, it is believed, amounted to \$30,000 or \$40,000. The sufferers have been the Lake Shore, the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy and Chicago and Rock Island and Pacific Railroads. A large quantity of plunder has been recovered. The notorious Tom Moore heads the gang. Their plan was to rob the cars while pretending to be employees of the railroads.

FOUL PLAY FEARED.

VANDALLA, Ill., March 14.—The remains of a young German named Herman Kumpf, whose parents reside in Waterloo, Ill., were found in a pool of water about a mile east of town. He has been working about town the past six months under the name of John Smitz. The coroner has been holding an inquest, but adjourned till to-morrow at 9 o'clock. Considerable suspicion of foul play is entertained, as the pool he was found in was only about two feet deep, and his coat, hat, and boots were found about two hundred yards from the body.

FOUL PLAY.

The body of a woman was found in the Passaic river at Newark, N. J., recently, and was identified as that of Pauline Bischoff, a servant at the house where Otto Neasbaum boarded. The girl was about to become a mother. Several days after the body was discovered an intimate friend of Neasbaum found a note under a stone on the river bank, announcing her suicidal intent. There is reason to suspect the paper was put under the stone just before it was discovered. It is not known whether the case is murder or suicide. The girl before disappearing borrowed money of Neasbaum, and it is alleged, also stole some from him.

A GOSPEL STILL.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., March 15.—Deputy Collector Robinson, of Westfield, has obliged the Rev. A. B. Dufresne, a French Catholic priest of Holyoke, to settle for selling liquor without having a United States license, and Dufresne has left here for Canada. He had four cases of liquor in the basement of the church in the same room where a juvenile school was held, and several persons are ready to testify that they have bought liquor from him. Dufresne is the priest who told his people not to patronize Joseph Parker, a hackman, who had displeased him, and so destroyed his business, for which Parker recovered \$3,400 damages in the superior court last fall.

A SINGULAR COUPLE.

In September, 1873, J. P. Robinette, a wholesale liquor dealer of Philadelphia, Pa., married Charlotte Benton, of Gouverneur, N. Y. Mr. and Mrs. Robinette started for Europe three days after the wedding and remained six weeks on the continent. In 1877 Robinette left his wife in Europe and returned to America, when he procured a divorce in Delaware. Mrs. Robinette remained abroad, supporting herself by giving lessons in elocution and public readings, until 1877, when her mother sent her \$900 and she returned home. It was then that she first learned that her husband had obtained a divorce. Mrs. R. says that he never asked for a consummation of the marriage, and that he engaged separate rooms for her and himself at the Metropolitan Hotel, aboard the steamer and throughout their European travels.

A MYSTERIOUS GRAVE.

Daniel Fink, residing near Grimsville, Pa., found a large flat stone recently in one of his fields, resembling one of the slabs sometimes placed over a grave. On removing this he found a grave, lined inside with stones. In the bottom were the remains of something which somewhat resembled a dog, but which some persons think was a baby. It was placed in a box. The case is a mystery, and excites considerable interest.

WICKED WEBB.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., March 14.—Dr. J. C. Webb, formerly of Sumner county, Kansas, was arrested here Saturday on a warrant charging him with being a fugitive from justice for the crime of seduction committed in Sumner county, the victim being a Miss Trant, a beautiful girl sixteen years old, the daughter of wealthy parents. Webb seduced her in December and left the vicinity on New Year's day. A short time ago the effects of the amour began to show, and the parents questioned the girl. Their worst suspicions were realized, and the victim of Webb's peridy confessed that he effected her ruin under promise of marriage. Webb was arrested while milking cows in the southern suburbs of Kansas City, being employed as a laborer. He says he will not marry the girl, but, as he is penniless and she is wealthy, beautiful, etc., there is no doubt he will change his mind and repair the damage by marriage. He will be taken back by the officer.

A CHEW OF TOBACCO.

PITTSBURG Pa., March 17.—Thomas Cochran, a boy employed in the Edgar Thomson Steel Works having given the name of another boy who is on the pay rolls of the works, but who was absent on the last pay day, drew the amount due him. He then induced John Hough, another boy, to accompany him to Wall's Station, on the Pennsylvania railroad. On the road they quarreled about a chew of tobacco which Hough asked of Cochran, and came to blows. Hough threw a large stone, striking Cochran on the leg. Cochran then picked up a heavy coupling-pin and struck his comrade a crushing blow on the head, laying him senseless on the track. The train men of a west-bound freight, which was approaching, discovered Hough lying on the track, stopped the train and took him to his home in Braddock. He will probably die. Cochran was arrested by a brakeman and brought to the city on the same train. Cochran is fourteen and Hough sixteen years of age.

CLUBBER CALLANAN.

John Shaughnessy of Sixth street, Jersey City, N. J., is lying at the Charity Hospital, at the point of death, from the effects of a beating inflicted upon him by Policeman Callanan, of the First precinct, against whom charges have been preferred. Shaughnessy was dragged into the police station insensible, and covered with blood, by Callanan. The only charge Callanan had to prefer against Shaughnessy was that he had seen Shaughnessy and a woman named Elizabeth Fink talking together under a stoop in Monmouth street. When the sergeant in charge told Callanan that a complaint of that nature did not warrant clubbing a prisoner, Callanan said that the man had been guilty of disorderly conduct and assault and battery. The latter charges were not pressed when the case came before Justice Davis, yesterday, and Elizabeth Fink says that Shaughnessy offered no resistance. It is intimated that the policeman's treatment of the prisoner was prompted by jealousy. The case will be officially investigated.

BAD BARRETT.

CANTON, Ill., March 11.—At Lewistown, this morning, just after Judge Shope sentenced Frank Barrett to seven and one-half years in the penitentiary for burglary, Barrett seized a large inkstand and hurled it at the head of the judge with murderous intent. The inkstand missed its mark, striking the judge on the shoulder, severely bruising it. Barrett was at once secured and ironed by the sheriff. The would-be assassin was arrested for burglarizing a drug store in Astoria last New Year's morning, and attempted to kill the night watchman who discovered him. Chase was made, Barrett overtaken and arrested at Vermont, seven miles distant. He had four revolvers on his person when arrested. The most intense excitement prevailed in the court-room immediately after Barrett threw the inkstand, which, had it struck its mark, would surely have crushed the judge's skull. Cries of "hang him" came from all parts of the room. Barrett turned on the excited people and cursed them, declaring that he would as soon be hung now as at any time. He is regarded as a very desperate character, and claims to hail from Clinton, Iowa.

BUTCHERED.

A Gazette special from Waynesville, O., says a brutal murder was discovered there March 14. Gideon Carson and his wife have been living the past winter in an old school-house in the outskirts of the village, in the most abject poverty, intensified by Carson's intemperance and ill-health. He has been known to be very violent in temper when drunk. About 6 o'clock, to-night, a young man who wanted to get Mrs. Carson to do some washing to-morrow rapped at the door. Getting no response, he entered and found the room in utter confusion. Mrs. Carson lay on the front part of the bed murdered. A portion of her left cheek was entirely cut off, which he afterward found in a bowl. The fatal blow had apparently been given with a hatchet. The coroner was called, when it was found that Mrs. Carson was entirely nude, being covered with a bed tick, and her husband was lying in a drunken stupor on the back part of the bed. He was taken to jail, where he roused enough to say he knew his wife was dead; that she was killed about 1 o'clock, but said he did not know who did it. Carson is between fifty and sixty years of age, and has been a highly-respected man. He was at one time in the dry-goods business, and for a long time was a trusted clerk in Haines, Wright & Co.'s store. Within the past few years he has been drinking heavily.

THE BLOODY SIXTH AND FOURTH.

About eleven o'clock on the night of the 15th inst.,

a number of sporting men, among whom were several leading politicians of the Fourth and Sixth wards, met in Hyland's saloon, Chatham street, and entered on a carouse. Some ill feeling as to transactions at the faro table existed among them, and shortly before midnight a desperate fight took place. Roundsman Harley, of the Fourteenth precinct, forced his way into the saloon and arrested George Costello, the bartender, for violating the excise law. Although several of the men engaged in the fight were cut and bleeding they refused to make any complaint against each other, and were not arrested. They locked the doors and continued the debauch. A dispute arose between Dennis Halloran, Daniel Murphy and William Burke. Words waxed warm and were finally followed by blows, which resulted in a general scuffle, several other parties joining in the melee. Halloran, it is alleged, then drew a revolver and fired, the ball striking Burke in the groin. Knives and pistols were then introduced by all the parties, during which Burke was stabbed in the head and back and shot in the groin four or five times, while Halloran received seven cuts in the forehead and face. Murphy was also cut about the face, hands and body, while a few others received slight wounds. The wounded men were conveyed to St. Vincent's Hospital and their wounds cared for. Burke's injuries will likely prove fatal.

AN AWFUL TRAGEDY.

MARSHFIELD, Mo., March 12.—News from a reliable source reached here to-day of a terrible tragedy which recently occurred in the southern part of Howell county, this state. An old man had drawn a pension, and \$800 of the money remained in his possession. He resided on a farm with his two grown daughters. He went from home and left the money, \$400 with each of his daughters. About dark of the night of the murder a stranger appeared and desired lodging for the night. The young ladies explained their lonely condition, and refused to entertain the stranger. He persisted, and, being quite an elderly man of good appearance, the young ladies finally consented to let him remain. At bed-time the young ladies repaired to their apartment in the second story, and left the old gentleman to sleep in a room below. In the latter part of the night he was awakened by a noise upstairs as if some one were struggling, and being armed with a revolver, he proceeded cautiously up the stairs and to the door of the room in which the young ladies had retired. When at the door of the room he discovered the form of a man in the room, and at about the same time the man discovered him, started toward him, and struck at him with a knife, but missed him. Then the old man fired and the intruder fell dead. The old man then rushed out of the house, heard chickens crowing, and ran in that direction until he came to a house, where he found a woman sitting by the fire. He explained his mission and what he had done. The woman said: "That is my husband and the uncle of the girls; he went there to rob them." The stranger took a fresh scare, and started on a run to find another house, which he did in about half a mile. The neighborhood was alarmed and a posse gathered, and before daylight they were at the scene of the tragedy. The uncle was found dead on the floor with the \$800 in one hand and the knife in the other. The two young ladies were found in bed with their throats cut. The villainous uncle obtained entrance by means of a ladder, through one of the upper windows.

Colonel E. T. Carson, Chief of Cincinnati Police.

[With Portrait.]

Enoch Terry Carson, recently appointed Chief of Police in Cincinnati, was born in Hamilton county, Ohio, in 1832, and is consequently in his fifty-eighth year. He was appointed deputy sheriff of that county in 1848, and served in that capacity for eight years, having three appointments under Sheriffs Cooper, Vigdon and Yeasler. In 1861 he was appointed Collector of the Port of Cincinnati by President Lincoln, which office he held until July, 1865. He then became park commissioner, and upon his retirement from that office was elected a member of the State Board of Equalization. Governor Hayes then appointed him as police commissioner of Cincinnati. His life has been very active, and he is universally respected throughout the state. He is considered the leading Mason in Ohio, having passed the 33d degree of that order. His appointment as the head of police affairs in Cincinnati has given universal satisfaction, and his recent vigorous crusade against vice has demonstrated that he is the right man in the right place.

A Row In The Sanctuary.

ATLANTA, Ga., March 15.—The wife of R. O. Douglass, a prominent citizen, brought suit for divorce on Saturday. When her counsel notified Douglass he became very angry, and at once went to the rectory, where he denounced Rev. R. C. Foute, of St. Phillip's, as the cause of his domestic troubles. Foute denied any agency in the matter, but Douglass grew more furious, and accused Foute of destroying the peace of his family. When he left he told Foute he should not preach next day, and said: "If you do, I'm d—d if I don't kill you." Foute consulted his friends, who deemed it prudent to have the church guarded.

About the hour for service Douglass rode up and looked for Foute. Policemen rushed out to arrest him, but, spurring his horse, he escaped. He seemed bent on carrying out his threat, for he soon returned and tried to get in the church, when he was seized and carried to the guard-house. A peace warrant was served on him to-day, and he is under \$2,000 bond to keep the peace.

A Constantine, N. Y., man thought he had struck an oil well, because the water in his well had acquired an oleaginous flavor. Persistent pumping disclosed the cause to be two kerosene lamps which had been stolen from the Methodist church.

Torn From His Trousers.

(Subject of Illustration.)

CHICAGO, Ill., March 15.—There is a small, though now familiar church, at No. 134 Pacific avenue, denominated by those who worship there, the synagogue of Beth Hamedraah. The locality is one where worse things might be expected than disrobing a man; it is a very wicked neighborhood and many a man has gone out of it sorrowful. The church may have been affected by the "evil communications" which, according to the good book, "corrupt good manners," as for some months there has been war in the camp of Beth Hamedraah between the rabbi who commands it, the Rev. L. Anizer, supported by his followers, and the president of the congregation, who desires to be chief, Mr. M. B. Ettlesohn, sustained by an apparent minority. The trouble between them grew out of a matter which had been submitted to the pastor for arbitration. The sum of \$200 was involved; this was put into the hands of the Rev. Mr. Anizer, but, in some manner, Mr. Ettlesohn stuck his finger into the pile and drew out \$60, which he claims to have borrowed. The rabbi wanted this amount turned over recently, but Mr. Ettlesohn wasn't ready to comply with the request, and the row began. Ettlesohn was supported by a minority only of the board of trustees, but he called a meeting just the same, which was held at his own house, and the rabbi was as good as formally deposed, it being decided that he should not be recalled at the expiration of his present engagement. To this the majority of the board dissented, and on Sunday night a meeting of the congregation was called to discuss the difficulty.

The members met in the little brick church at an early hour, with the spirit of wickedness perched upon the low spire, and his limbs dancing on the house tops at either side and all along the avenue. About fifty members were present, thirty-eight of whom were ready to fight for their pastor. Mr. Ettlesohn, as president, took the chair, and announced the object of the meeting, incidentally alluding to the desire of a large number in the church to worship under a new standard-bearer. Probably at no public gathering since that of the scientific assemblage upon the

Stanislaus, when the bones of their ancestors were "heaved" against the stomachs of the members, and they "smiled a sort of sickly smile and curled up on the floor," has there been such confusion, yes, such a worldly row. The majority "went for" Mr. Ettlesohn with adjectives of ancient strength at first, till he was unable to rap them to order. Hymn-books and bibles followed the direction of the epithets, and Mr. Ettlesohn got down from the chair. He declined to preside longer, so the infuriated congregation followed him to the door. He continued to decline as he rolled down the front steps into the street.

The minority subsided for a time, at this juncture, and awaited the course of the majority. When quiet was fully restored, it was found that the vice-presi-

dent was suddenly absent and the meeting was without a presiding officer. The by-laws were overhauled and it was found that, in the absence of the president and vice-president it became the duty of the first trustee to act as chairman. That officer proved to be Mr. A. Wilkins, but unfortunately, as he regarded it, he was a member of the minority. He begged to be excused from presiding, and edged toward the door. He kept up a running argument as he edged along, and got within jumping distance of the door, when he was headed off. He then sprang for a window, and got his body half through when he was dragged in again by the heels, seated in the presiding chair, and the gavel placed in his hands.

Again there was peace and order, but only for the

shades of night. What became of the garment none but those who may have stayed till the meeting adjourned can say.

The minority soon after managed to effect an escape, one by one, and wended their way home silently. The majority, too, packed their grievances in an inimical quarter of their hearts, and went home.

NEWARK, N. Y., March 13.—This morning, about half-past 4 o'clock, the charred remains of Mrs. David Griffing, a wealthy widow lady, were discovered in the ruins of her former residence in the suburbs of the city. The origin of the fire is not known, but foul play is suspected as Mrs. Griffing made her will yesterday. An investigation is being made.



THE CHILDREN OF ISAAC, ABRAHAM AND JACOB FAIL TO DWELL TOGETHER IN UNITY IN THE SYNAGOGUE—RESULT: A FREE FIGHT IN WHICH ONE BROTHER IS TORN FROM HIS UNMENTIONABLES BY A FURIOUS SISTER; CHICAGO, ILL.



A DUTIFUL WIFE, WHILE ADMITTING HER FROLICsome LIEGE LATE AT NIGHT IS UNGALLANTLY SHUT OUT BY THE CLOSING OF THE DOOR, AND FURTHER IMPOLITELY USED BY AFORESAID F. L., WHO REGARDS IT AS A DEMNITION GOOD JOKE, YOU KNOW—CABBY, LIKE A MODEST MAN, IS SHOCKED, AND PROVES IT BY MINDING HIS OWN BUSINESS AND LETTING THE D. W. TAKE HER BATH UNMOLESTED; NEW YORK CITY.—SEE PAGE 3.



MISS FERGUSON, WITH WHOM WILL RAYMOND ATTEMPTED A FORGED ELOPEMENT.

Resurrection at a Funeral.

[Subject of Illustration.]

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., March 19.—Dead men tell no tales, but they sometimes frighten people out of their paragonic wits and humors. Several days ago Mr. McCloud, of Faulkner county, died of rheumatism of the stomach. He was very highly respected in his vicinity, and when it became known around the neighborhood that the soul had gone from a body that had been of such use to agricultural society, a gloomy shadow that the sun could not lift seemed to hang over the "new grown" fields. The men left their grubbing hoes sticking in the ground, and went to the scene of sorrow, and the women, leaving half cooked meals in charge of children, accompanied them. A large party volunteered to sit up with the corpse, and when night came many sad faces of many sad women and men were seen, sallowed by the mellowing light of tallow candles. The minister came and, entering the door, remarked "earth to earth and



JOSEPH BOLDUC, MURDERER OF JAMES J. NORRIS, BRADLEY, ME.

ashes to ashes." The corpse lay on a table covered with a sheet. "He has gone over the road we must all travel," said the minister.

"I thought I saw the sheet move," said one of the watchers. "See if there is a cat under it."

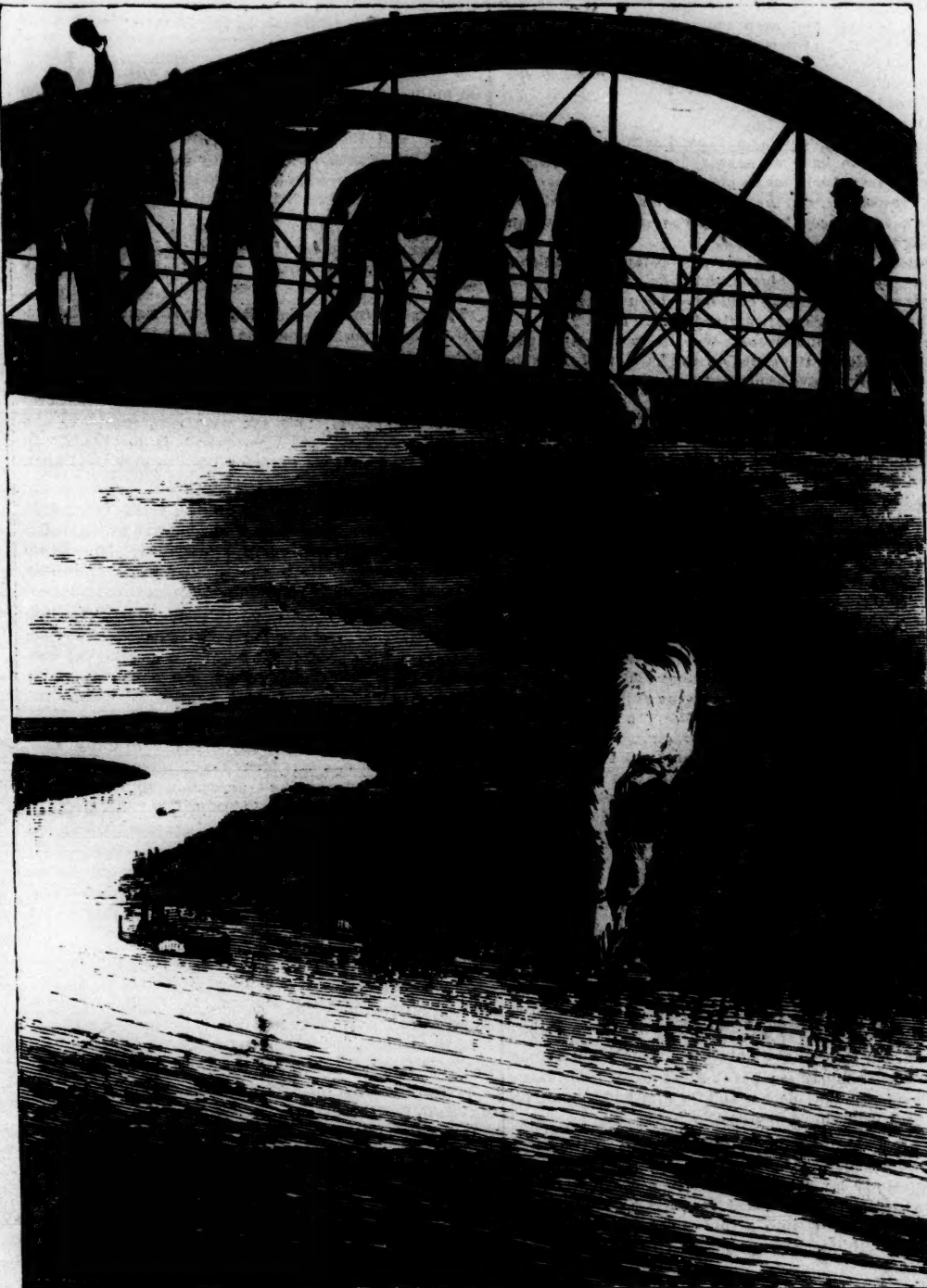
The company sat still.

"I am confident that the sheet moved," said the man.

The minister arose and lifted the sheet, and standing he looked at the pallid face of the dead man. The corpse's head left the table. The minister fell back. Stiff, stark and terrible the corpse slowly arose from the table and attained a sitting posture. The legs remained stretched out and the arms remained folded. The women shrieked and ran from the room, and the minister, reprimanding them for their weakness and want of confidence, climbed a fence and stood in the turnip patch. When the frightened people saw that the corpse did not intend to follow they went back into the house. The corpse still retained the up-



OTIS GILMORE, COUNSEL FOR JOSEPH BOLDUC DURING HIS TRIAL.



A BIG PLUNGE—THOS. BOYD, AN ENGLISH DIVER, IMITATES SAM PATCH, MAKING A DIVE OF ONE HUNDRED FEET FROM THE SPAN OF A BRIDGE; JEFFERSONVILLE, IND.—SEE PAGE 4.



A DEAD MAN SURPRISES THE ATTENDANTS AT HIS OBSEQUIES BY RISING TO AN UPRIGHT POSITION, AND PRECIPITATES A LIVELY EXODUS OF THE MOURNERS, WHO THINK THE RESURRECTION DAY HAS COME; NEAR LITTLE ROCK, ARK.



WILL RAYMOND, WOULD-BE ABDUCTOR OF MISS FERGUSON; KANSAS CITY.

right, rigid posture, stiff as the attitude struck by an amateur on the stage.

With fears somewhat allayed the minister advanced, and, placing a hand on the dead man's breast, pressed him backward. Proportionately as his head went down his heels came up, and when his head touched the board his heels were high in the air. The cause of the dead man's freak was then discovered. The muscles of the stomach, distorted by rheumatism, were contracting. It required the efforts of two men to straighten the corpse. A gentleman who was present declares that he never before passed such a fearful night, and with Clarence adds, "I would not pass another such a night though 'twere to buy a world of happy days; so full of dismal terror was the time."

Wouldn't Have It.

NATCHES, Miss., March 15.—A somewhat sensational



JAMES J. MORRIS, MURDERED BY JOSEPH BOLDUC.

event is reported from Jefferson county, Mississippi. It seems that there is an old lady in Jefferson county who owns a small farm, upon which she has employed two colored hands. A day or two since the laborers came up from the fields and she told them to go to the kitchen for supper. One of them, instead of going to the kitchen, went into the dining-room and seated himself at the table, between the lady's daughters. One of the young ladies left the table screaming, and ran to her brother's house, about a quarter of a mile distant, and told him of the darky's action. The brother immediately armed himself with a shot-gun and started towards his mother's place, but when about half way met the two negroes, who had become frightened, and were leaving. He demanded an explanation of their conduct when the guilty negro started to run, the other standing. The brother then fired both barrels of his gun into the negro's body, killing him instantly. The other negro was unharmed.



FRANK REED, CITY MARSHAL OF BANGOR CAPTIVER OF BOLDUC.

MIDNIGHT PICTURES.

A Pretty Widow Who Deals a Faro Game in a Harlem Villa.

THE HALF-CRAZED WIFE'S A PEARANCE.

A Quiet Game of Draw-Poker in the Front Parlor.

NICE PLACE TO EAT \$100 LUNCHEES

[A Series of Illustrated Sketches of New York's Gas-Lit Life.]

BY AN OLD BOUNDER.

"Would you like to see a lady dealer at faro?"

This question was asked me the other morning in the lobby of the Metropolitan Hotel by an old friend of mine attached in some mysterious manner to the police department.

At first I was incredulous, and made the usual remark touching "tally," but when my companion repeated the question in all seriousness, then I said that nothing would give me more pleasure.

I had seen female bar-tenders, brokers, barbers and the like, but did not know that King Faro had any of his daughters actively engaged in the business. I made an appointment, notified your artist and calmly awaited the evening. My friend kept his word and we saw the lady dealer.

The house is in Harlem, and is of the cottage kind. There are two sisters, one unmarried and one a widow of a gambler who was killed on a Mississippi steamboat. He used to travel all over the country, his wife accompanying him, and it was in this manner that she obtained an insight into all games. He left at his death, among other impedimenta, a complete faro "lay-out," a roulette wheel, keno machinery, cards, boxes, chips, etc., etc.

But very little money. This paucity of cash induced Mrs. S. to carry on the old business, and having a pretty sister as a foil and first lieutenant she had no difficulty, after securing a backer in the shape of a solid down-town merchant, in hiring the pretty Harlem cottage and beginning operations.

The game is in the second-story back, the front room being used as a lounging, smoking and lunch apartment for gentlemen. At midnight a charming supper is served, the unmarried sister doing the honors, while a neatly aproned negro glides about with plates and glasses.

We dropped in so soon after the attack upon the edibles and drinkables had been begun that it was with a feeling of embarrassment I toyed with part of a pigeon, and positive nervousness seized me as I washed it down with as fine a glass of sherry as I have tasted this many a year. You don't believe this, of course. That's the way; a modest fel on never gets any credit in this world—except with a friendly bar-tender.

You would like to know how the sister looks. Picture a young and pretty woman, elegantly attired in fine evening dress; imagine every movement that of vivacity; give her chic, abandon and a copious dash of devilry, and you have this Hebe of Harlem as she stood that night in the midst of about a dozen men, wine-glass in hand, and attentive to all that was said, but carefully noting all the time that every one was properly served.

At about one o'clock they began to play again, and then I saw the widow who had gone to her room during the lunch recess. Make the curves of the sister slightly more voluptuous and give to the eyes an unmistakable expression of varied experience and you have Mrs. S. We were formally introduced and then, as a mere skit, I bought some white and blue chips and staked them carefully about the table.

They melted as the snow melts before the glowing sun, but without causing me any disappointment. I have no desire to win at Faro.

With the exception that it was a woman dealing, and a sweet, silvery voice saying: "Make your play, gentlemen," there was no difference in the scene from any other faro game. It was no light, trifling play. There were five men hard at work, but I rather thought from the method and amount of betting that the drift of the game was to break up one who seemed to have loads of money. I may have been mistaken, but if I was not there were four conspirators and the pretty widow leagued against the one. His face was pale, his eyes sunken, and when the white, jeweled hand swept his checks away, a cold shiver seized him.

He called for brandy at one time, and appeared to be making up his mind to stop. Then he plunged into his pocket-book again, drew out a \$100 note—the last one—and passed it over for chips. It was at that moment that there suddenly appeared in the room, coming through a door opposite the table, a woman who marched steadily across the intervening space and leaning over with a quick movement snatched the bill from the trembling player's hand.

Her face was perfectly demoniac, but it was frozen rage. It was as if the features were carved from cane. The widow had been looking for the chips and had not seen the visitor at first. As she did she jumped to her feet, and her eyes seemed to become two of Edison's electric sparks.

"Who let this woman in?" she almost shrieked, bringing the waiter into the parlor, and breaking up a draw-poker game that the pretty sister was profitably superintending.

"No one let me in," the object of the inquiry replied, "I got in—I want my husband, while he has yet a dollar and an ounce of brains. You are robbing him of both."

"You are a liar," I regret to state was the answer that fell from the widow's really pretty lips. "Your husband tells me he would rather risk his money honestly in my society than spend it on you."

All this time Mr. Husband was in a state of collapse.

At the insult given across the table the wife seized a china ornament of some kind from the mantle and advanced as if to throw it. The other was quick as lightning. She had sprung a drawer, seized a revolver, and held it levelled at the excited woman's head. It was a pure battle of nerve, and she won of course. The wife reeled back in a faint, being caught by one of the gentlemen who put her on a lounge, while the darkey picked up the

shattered vase. In a little while she revived weak and sick, but no sicker, I thought, than the husband who mechanically picked up the bank-note from the floor, and when a carriage had been ordered followed the servant and his wife down the stairs like one in a dream.

"Theodore," said the widow on the boy's return.

"Yes'm."

"Never let him in again."

"All right'm."

"Not that his money is not as good as any one's, but I can't afford to have my nerves shattered by the apparition of wives. I will take a glass of brandy."

She drank it off, and the play went on. I noticed that it was not very deep, but enough was staked to warrant keeping the game running.

I noticed also that the whole performance just finished was the plucking of a pigeon, that she regretted keenly the loss of the \$100, and would have been better pleased had the half-mad wife arrived a little later.

The room she came through was the widow's private retiring boudoir. It opened on the hall, and I guess the "darkey" could have explained how that door became unlocked.

In the next room it was not the plucking of a pigeon, but the denuding of a loon, one of those awfully swell young men, dressed in the English style, who was so far gone on the sharp-eyed sister and brandy, combined that it didn't take her long to clean him out at draw-poker, a game which had been resumed immediately after the fracas.

She cheated terribly, and really sickened me by the bold manner in which the robbery was conducted.

As we started to go, perfectly satisfied with what we had seen, a young man with a cruel, hard face, and most undorbidly the "steerer" and "roper in" for the house, brought an old man up-stairs who had every indication of being equally full of money and gin.

He stood swaying to and fro, tugging at his kid gloves, and mumbling something about ladies, "a little game," and he was proud to have the honor, etc.

Here was a genuine golden pheasant, and I am willing to bet my share in the Anneke Jans estate that before sunrise, he looked, financially and allegorically, like one of those Polish geese you see hanging from the hooks in Bayard street.

SEASONING.

An Ohio woman dreamed that she saw her husband kissing a certain neighbor's wife, and she awoke and struck him across the face and broke his nose. Man is nowhere safe.

"John, we won't have potatoes enough for dinner with so much company; what shall we do?" "Tell them we've lost our potato masher and the girl had to jump on them; they won't have so many."

They tell about a miserly old chap out in the First ward who has brought his family down to an allowance of one meal per day. A day or two since he caught one of his boys behind the woodshed devouring a cold potato, whereupon he flew into a towering passion, saying: "There is nothing but eating and drinking and rioting going on about this house."

CHICAGO points the finger of scorn at St. Louis because a citizen of the latter city has been found guilty of having five wives at one time, and says that no Chicago man would do such a thing, and St. Louis retorts that no Chicago man could do such a thing, as none ever lived who could find five women willing to marry him. He'd have to skirmish lively to scare up one.

SUCH A DAIRY!—The paragrapher of the New Orleans Picayune writes with a photograph of Emma Abbott before him. One lovely hand rests upon her wealth of tresses, while her back hair reclines gently upon the post of a symmetrically-shaped spinning-wheel in front of her. One would be compelled to hire a street car and travel about over the country to find anything sweeter than this.

"Do not kick every one in your way," is the advice to a young man given by one of our exchanges. No, sonny, don't kick every one in your way. It is best only to kick a few—the little fellows, for instance; they can't kick back. Never kick those big six-footers, with shoulders like a brown stone front. It might be dangerous. Pass them by in silent scorn, and when you are far enough away, throw a brick at them.—Derrick.

WHEN the blustering winds of winter
Came to blow about our ears,
Came the gentle breath of springtime
Quieting our many fears;
Then we hear the bluebirds chirping,
And the poet writes a sonnet,
While the young wife, red with anger,
Yells, "You brute, I want a bonnet!"
And the bill is unanimously passed
And the house adjourns.—N. Y. Express.

"ANY of you boys up to the wedding last night?" inquired Little English yesterday of half a dozen boot-blacks. "There was an awful give away up there—worst I ever saw." "How?" "Why, when they got all ready to be married the preacher wanted to know who gave the bride away, and a feller did a swell-tail coat spoke right up as brassy as could be, and said he did. Yea, gave her dead away, and the bridegroom never spit on his hands to him."

A certain young woman named Hannah
Slipped down on a piece of banana;
She shrieked and oh, my'd!
And more stars she spied
Than belongs to the star-spangled banner.
A gentleman sprang to assist her,
And picked up her muff and her wrist;
"Did you fall, ma'am?" he cried,
"Do you think," she replied,
"I sat down for the fun of it, Mister?"

THEY were walking along Fourth avenue, the other evening, arm in arm. Black eyes looked love to black eyes that sent it back with compound interest. Said she: "Chile, does you disremember dat dis is de day de worl' ceases to revolute, 'cordin' to dem Millerites?" "Clar to goodness," answered he, "ef dat's so I 'a gwine to hab one mo' of dem rood ole hugs right heah till Gab'l holler out, 'Come up hyar, you bressed brack lamb ob de worl'!" He threw his arm round the sable maiden—and if they are there yet he's making the whalebone snap.

PERKINGTON is a man of decision. The other evening upon reaching home he was met by his dearest Maria with the harrowing tale of Bridget, the cook's, kerosene disaster. "Oh, John," she began, "we've had such a terrible time! Bridget tried to hurry up the fire—poured kerosene on it—blew up—burnt her to death—O! O! O!" Perkington is a wonderful man, a man for an emergency. He replied, as a man not used to being thwarted in his purposes: "Discharge her immediately, Maria; discharge her immediately. I won't have such a woman in the house."

SPORTING AND DRAMATIC.

DAN RICE has retired from the lecture platform and resumed his seat at the stove.

A CORRESPONDENT writes that Erie won in the cocking main in that place, instead of Buffalo, as stated in our last issue.

DALY and Fleming, the famous swimmers, have been matched at San Francisco to swim five miles for \$500 a side. The match is to take place at Alameda on March 28.

WESTON, the Blower, has failed to make good his promises again at San Francisco. O'Leary was to be beaten easily, and various other feats accomplished. Result: O'Leary, 516m.; Weston, 490.

THE latest freak of Sara Bernhardt was at a charitable dramatic performance at Reims. It was nearly 11 o'clock before she put in an appearance, having been to a late dinner, and the public were wild with indignation.

PAT GILMORE has concluded to change the last two lines of his anthem, "We ask with reverence, love and awe, God bless and save America." It now reads, "In awe and reverence we wait for Thee to save the United States."

WHEN Dan Rice was lately in the temperance field as a star lecturer, he asked a young man if he wanted to go down to a drunkard's grave. He replied, "I don't care if I do. Whereabouts is your family lot?" Then Dan invited the boys up to cure their colds.

THE challenge from Cornell College to Columbia College, to row a four-oared race at Lake George or at Saratoga, will be accepted at the next meeting of Columbia College Boat Club. Cornell has issued a similar challenge to Wesleyan College of Middletown, Conn.

To retaliate for being excluded from the theatre, the Chinamen of Nevada City, Nev., brought an entire Mongolian dramatic company from San Francisco, and, renting the Nevada Theatre, had a week's performance of their own, to which they would admit no white men.

JOHNNY MADDEN and Jimmy Ryan boxed with gloves for the championship of the Lehigh Valley and a silver cup, at Masonic Hall, Easton, Pa., March 10. In the fifth round Ryan sprained his ankle and couldn't continue, whereupon the referee announced that they would have it over again March 20.

WHAT has become, by the way, of the murderous ruffian Currie, who shot and killed Porter, in Texas, last year? Have they given him a corner lot and a brownstone front? Have they sent him to the legislature? Or is he lecturing? Let us hear some news of him, one way or another. He is too interesting to be left in obscurity.

NORMAN TAYLOR ran twenty miles in 2h. 22m. in New Mill Hall, Pawtucket, R. I., March 13. D. J. Ross quit at fifteen miles, run in 1h. 43m., and Joseph McGlone gave up at the end of three miles and a half, greatly to the disgust of his townsmen, who kicked up quite a rumpus when it was known that he had cut it. Frank B. Holmes was timekeeper.

A YOUNG woman styled "Victoria," who performs on the trapeze at Pastor's Theatre, while in the midst of a daring act at the matinee on the 19th inst., lost her hold and plunged head foremost toward the floor. The spectators gave a start of terror, but the woman saved her life by falling into a net which was spread beneath the bar. A rotten net would have caused a fatal accident.

MR. JAMES TAYLOR, the well-known English boating man, who is now living in Pittsburg, says that Elliott, the English oarsman, is coming to this country in April, in compliance with advice given him by Taylor. If Elliott finds he can row to advantage in any of the regattas this season he will enter, and if he does not he will work at his occupation of coal mining, or seek other employment in the vicinity of Pittsburg.

THE referee in the collar and elbow wrestling match, at the Music Hall, Boston, on the 17th, between John McMahon, of Rutland, Vt., and H. M. Dufur, of Marlboro, Mass., declared it a draw, neither side having gained a fair fall. Both men wished to continue the contest, but as their lease of the hall had expired they were obliged to retire. It is understood the contestants divided the net receipts, amounting to nearly \$5,000.

MR. J. H. HAVERLY has secured the services of Mr. F. J. Englehardt, the well-known manager of sporting events, to conduct the series of ten races which the great showman intends giving in this city. Strong hopes are entertained that among the contestants one may be found who will be able ultimately to wrest the world's championship from Rowell, of England. It is meanwhile proposed to bring the winners of the Haverly races together in a race open to the world, for which a series of valuable prizes will be offered.

A PRIZE fight with hard gloves for a purse of \$100 took place on the evening of March 13th, in a rear room of a liquor store at Eighty-seventh street and Tenth avenue, between Michael Gallagher, of the Fourth Ward, and Young Yorkey, of the Fifteenth Ward. The contest lasted fifteen minutes, during which three rounds were fought. Yorkey knocked his opponent down several times, and badly punished him about the head and face. Gallagher's friends seeing that their man was over-matched threw up the sponge and Yorkey was declared the winner.

Two professional gentlemen of Providence, R. I., interested in the national game, have made up a stake of \$2,000 which they are ready to wager under the following conditions: \$500 even that Providence proves superior to Cincinnati during the season, and \$500 even that Providence defeats Boston in a majority of the championship games; and \$1,000 against \$4,000 that the Providence nine win the championship. These wagers are open for acceptance until May 1st, and all communications addressed to P. O. Box 154, Providence, R. I., will receive immediate attention.

STUART ROBSON expects to live to the age of one hundred years. "Actors," he says, "live longer than members of any other profession. Gaston reached the age of one hundred and one; Miss Bailey, ninety-eight; Trewellyn, ninety-four, and Macklin, one hundred and eight. He played Shylock in his ninety-ninth year, you know. But it is not so much these examples that I base my hopes upon, as it is the fact that Mr. Charles Webb, whom Crane and I discovered in England and imported, is now ninety-five. He played one of the two Promos sixty years ago; that's what has preserved him and he is good for years to come."

THE IRISH FUND BENEFIT.—The boxing tournament arranged to take place at Madison Square Garden, on the evening of the 20th of March, the proceeds of which are to be applied to the Herald relief fund, promises to be the finest entertainment of the kind which has been given in the metropolis for years. There are more volunteers, representing all weights, than probably ever before gave their services for any one similar entertainment, and the

ability of the contestants insures the complete success of the show in an artistic sense, while there is no doubt that the great attractions presented and the charitable object combined will make it equally successful financially.

ON March 9 articles, were signed by William Miller and William Muldoon, by the stipulations of which they are to wrestle a match in Græco-Roman style, best two in three falls, according to Ed James' rules, at some place in the city of New York that may be mutually agreed upon, and within twenty days from date of signing. Miller puts one hundred dollars against the elegant badge now held by Muldoon, and a clause in the agreement says that the winner of the contest shall receive two-thirds of the net admission receipts, the losing man taking the other third. The principals have neglected to make provision in the instrument for the selection of a final stakeholder. The contest will take place in Madison Square Garden on Tuesday evening, March 23.

MRS. COLMAN POPE, the distinguished actress, died at Indianapolis, Ind., on the 19th inst. Mrs. Pope was born in a small village in the west riding of Yorkshire, England, in April, 1800. While quite young she was induced to study for the stage, made her debut as Mrs. Haller, in "The Stranger," at Hastings in Sussex. From the first her success was established, and she soon became the leading actress at Birmingham, Bristol and many other places. Her first visit to America was in 1846, when she made a brilliant tour throughout the South and East. She supported Macready during his engagement at Astor Place, and took part involuntarily in the riots at that time. Mrs. Pope came here during the war, and continued to play more or less until a terrible domestic tragedy came—the suicide of her husband, who had been insane for some time. Then she abandoned the stage.

CHICAGO, March 16.—Miss Maude Granger was married in this city yesterday to Mr. Arthur Fallin of New York, said to be a nephew of the late Frank Leslie. The marriage was kept very quiet. The certificate was signed Annie Brainerd, Miss Granger's true name, and was witnessed by her maid. The Rev. Arthur Mitchell of the First Presbyterian Church performed the ceremony. None of the members of the company with which the bride is connected were informed of the event until late at night. Mr. Fallin came to this city on Sunday from New York, and during Monday afternoon the ceremony was quietly celebrated at Mr. Mitchell's residence. It is understood that the marriage was to be kept secret for the present, and it was only by an accident, after the return of the party to the Sherman House late in the evening, that the fact was made known. Miss Granger is under engagement to Bartley Campbell for ten weeks yet, and will remain with the company for that period.

J. H. HAVERLY stands to-day as the monarch of showmen; he is now what Barnum was to the amusement world. Mr. Haverly's success during the past few seasons has often been the theme of general conversation. It has taken him years to obtain the reputation he now bears, and there is not a manager in the Union who better understands the tastes of the general public than Mr. Haverly. He is, to-day, manager of four of the leading theatres of the United States, and negotiations are pending for another. Haverly's Theatre, Chicago; Haverly's Fourteenth Street Theatre, New York; Haverly's Brooklyn, Haverly's Niblo's Garden, and Haverly's Fifth Avenue Theatre, though the latter two are not yet running under his management. Niblo's will open on the 29th of the present month, and the Fifth Avenue the first of September. In addition to these he has his Italian Mastodons, Haverly's Georgias, the Church Choir Pinafore and the Juvenile Pinafore companies. In the spring he will probably manage Lester Wallack, as last season.

THERE was a little episode that was rather embarrassing to the parties concerned at the box office at the Grand Opera-house the other afternoon. An elderly lady made her appearance there at the time indicated, and asked Tom Hawkins, who was in charge of the office in the absence of Harry Lewis, the genial and gentlemanly ticket-seller, if he knew "when Mrs. Oates would arrive in the city." "Indeed, I can't tell you," replied Mr. Hawkins; "but I will ask this gentleman," turning to the business manager of the Greek Slave Combination. The gentleman thus appealed to was writing in the back office, and came forward to see what was the matter. The instant he caught a full view of the lady he turned as red as a boiled lobster, and came to a full stop as though struck with paralysis, while she blushed like a peony, pursed her lips into marble-like rigidity, then about faced and started out of the house. "The gentleman" was Tracey Titus, the ex-husband of Alice Oates, and the lady was the mother of the charming opera bouffist, and consequently, his ex-mother-in-law.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

THIS being the age of indiscretions we are almost bound to be indiscreet. For the benefit, therefore, of future cantatrices we will reveal la Patti's diet. When she wakes in the morning she drinks a cup of chocolate. This habit is invariable. On days when she has not to sing she eats heavily of underdone meat. She has, too, a strong liking for a certain garlic soup, which has been invented especially for her by an ingenious cook. On days when she sings, la Patti breakfasts at 11 on eggs and meat, with Bordeaux wine and seltzer water. This is the only serious meat she eats until after the performance, when she sups. On her singing days la Patti does not dine. After breakfast she retires to her room and sleeps for a couple of hours. About four o'clock she dresses, takes a ride, then returns home and practices at the piano for an hour. Before going to the theatre she drinks a clear consommé. This hygienic system is scrupulously observed by la Patti. We may add another detail. She never opens her mouth until she has taken her chocolate; she then tries her voice by calling Caro, her chamber-maid, with all her might. The servants of the house have mot on this detail. They say of la Patti, "Quand elle appelle Caro, elle fait trembler les vitres."—Parisian.

A GRAND tournament of pigeon matches will be commenced soon by the Hudson County Homing Club of New Jersey. About two hundred and fifty birds were entered for the trainings, which were to have begun on the 15th inst., but on account of the late storm they were delayed until the 20th inst. Among the pigeons which will be flown in this tournament is Francisco, the celebrated champion one-day American "homer," which flew on June 28th, of last year, from Steubenville, Ohio, back to his loft, a distance of 343 miles, in eight hours and sixteen minutes. This bird is the property of Louis Waefelaer, of Hoboken, N. J. Mr. Waefelaer said: "A team of horses could not buy him." Mr. Waefelaer, who is one of the principal fanciers of the club, is a native of Belgium and zealously devotes himself to the improvement of the qualities of "homers." He will commence this year's training with eighty birds. Messrs. Verrinder and Oftermans will, together, begin with about eighty birds; Mr. Welsh with about forty, and the balance will be supplied by E. C. Bramhall and other fanciers. The first race this year will be from Harrisburg, Pa., 105 miles, back to the different lofts of the club; the second from Williamsport, Pa., 155 miles; the third from Huntington, Pa., 205 miles; the fourth from Cresona, Pa., 255 miles; the fifth, from Pittsburg, Pa., the sixth, from Columbus, Ohio.



NEW YORK'S GAS-LIT LIFE—MIDNIGHT PICTURES OF METROPOLITAN SIGHTS, SCENES AND CHARACTERS—A PRETTY WIDOW WHO DEALS A FARO GAME IN HARLEM—A STARTLING TABLEAU IN THE TIGRESS' DEN, IN WHICH AN ENRAGED WIFE, A FOOLISH HUSBAND AND THE BANKERS ARE THE PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS—TEMPTING BAIT WHICH CATCHES GUDGEONS WITH MORE MONEY THAN BRAINS—AN ESTABLISHMENT THAT EXCELS THE GAMBLING-DENS OF BADEN-BADEN.—[SKETCHED FROM LIFE BY GAZETTE ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 14.]